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[LORD HORACE ELSMERE.]

HE LOVES ME: HE LOVES ME NOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Maurice Durant," "Fickle Fortune," "The Gipsy Peer," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

There's no infection worse
In the plague-spotted lazaretto's gloom
Than gaming. *Massinger.*

LORD HORACE ELSMERE'S disposition and real character, a hint of which has been given the reader, was not thoroughly comprehended by his friends and the society in which he moved.

The little world of St. James's and the clubs thought Ellsmere a man rather to be pitied than otherwise, on account of the circumstances which made and kept him poor, and there were not a few who were ready to find excuse for his vices in that same poverty.

Jack Howard, the rich and goodnatured, used to say, when some man at dinner in a corner of the club, remarked upon Lord Horace's fondness for dice and cards:

"Well, you know, it doesn't do to be too hard on Ellsmere; poor fellow, what is he to do? He can't afford to keep a stud, or a box of hunters, like you fellows, or collect china and knickknacks like some others; a hand at lóo or chicken hazard are positively his only amusements and it's hard to begrudge him those!"

By constant repetition of that excuse Lord Horace's associates made out that he was rather an ill-used man than otherwise and that his little faults were, if not virtues, at least permissible.

None knew to what length Lord Horace's love of the gaming-table carried him, and few guessed.

Perhaps Willie Nugent, the most clear-headed of the lot, had his suspicions, but he kept them to

himself and whenever Lord Horace's peccadilloes were discussed maintained a profound silence.

Even he had no idea of the comedy, or tragedy, which was daily and nightly being enacted at Woodley Square, and all thought that Lord Ellsmere's acquaintance with the Armitages was an ordinary and slight one.

Lord Horace had had a great run of fortune after his lucky meeting with Edgar Raven, and one unacquainted with the habits and peculiarities of the gamster would, have imagined that he would have quietly sat himself down to enjoy his ill-gotten gains and shun the green cloth for a while.

But gambling is a disease which gives its victim no rest, and night after night found Lord Horace's spare, aristocratic figure at the card-table playing for high stakes, sometimes winning, sometimes losing, but bearing his good or bad fortune with that set, composed and unnatural calm which only a trained gamster can command.

On the night of the Armitages' soiree and of the strange scene in the garden-court of Valeria's house Lord Horace, flushed and cruelly elated by his triumph over Selina Armitage, repaired to a well-known club, of which he was a member, and where he could be certain of play. Crockford's great gambling pandemonium has been closed, but there are still in existence quiet clubs where men can win or lose a fortune in a night and the outside world be none the wiser.

This club, of which Lord Horace was a member, was called the Spade—perhaps because so many fortunes and reputations had been buried there; and the smoking-room in which the green table stood was one of the most luxurious rooms in London.

Seated and lounging on the comfortable couches and settees were a number of men well known by their titles or their talents, some of them too well known.

At one end of the room was a small group comprised of the party whom we have seen at the Richmond Hotel.

Willie Nugent, the chief satiric cynic, was in one

of the most comfortable seats, as usual, and Howard was near him ready to laugh and applaud his witticisms.

At Willie Nugent's right hand sat a lad, fresh from school to judge by appearances, fair and ingenuous, with that look of nobility which stamps the gentle born.

The lad's face had a slight flush of pleasure and satisfaction as he looked round the magnificent room, and an eagerness as he listened to the conversation of his elders, which showed plainly that the scene was a novel one to him, and that he was revelling in its novelty.

He was Willie Nugent's cousin, heir to a baronetcy, and as bright and honourable a lad as ever found himself upon the brink of that dazzling perdition—a gaming club.

"You see," said Willie Nugent, in an undertone, to Howard, "you see how delighted Terence looks. It is all new and dangerously fine. I'm glad there is no heavy play going on to-night, for there is a look in the boy's eyes as if he wanted to be fascinated. It's lucky Ellsmere isn't here. If he comes in don't let us have any play until the lad has gone."

"All right," murmured Howard, and Willie Nugent turned to his cousin, Terence Vane.

"Well, Terry, almost tired of this? Rather slow, isn't it?"

"No, indeed," said the boy; "I enjoy it amazingly. What a splendid room this is! It is as good as a palace. I had no idea you had such magnificent rooms in your club. I say, Willie, what are they playing at that table?"

"Whist," said Nugent, shortly.

"I should like to play," said the boy, musingly.

"They don't allow strangers," said Nugent, without strict regard for veracity.

"I'm sorry for that," said Terence Vane, "because it would be so jolly to say that one had had a hand at whist at the Spade! I say, Willie, who is this just come in? He looks a swell rather."

Nugent turned with an expression of annoyance just visible on his face.

It was the very man he least desired to see. "That is Lord Horace Ellismere," he answered, and as Lord Horace approached with slow and languid steps he held out his hand.

"How do, Ellismere? Thought you were not coming to-night."

Lord Ellismere shook hands languidly, nodded airily to the rest, and, with a keen glance at the lad's attentive, flushed face, dropped into a seat.

"Rather late, as usual," he said, "but I have been amusing myself intellectually at the Armitages. Good music, and the advantage of ladies' society."

"Ah!" said Nugent. "Quite your style."

Lord Horace pretended not to notice the sarcasm and nodded at Terence Vane.

"Who's our young friend?"

"My cousin, Vane," replied Nugent, who had intended avoiding the introduction by taking the boy away. "Terry, this is Lord Ellismere."

Lord Ellismere held out his white, thin hand, and the boy, with a gratified flush, grasped it warmly.

"Nice boy," murmured Lord Ellismere, drowsily, and inwardly trying to remember whether the lad was worth plucking, and determining to do it if only to spite Nugent, whom he hated.

"What are you fellows drinking—nothing, and doing nothing? Hard work and a waste of time."

And, calling a footman, he ordered some Moselle. "Moselle is the drink for youth," he said, with a polished smile and nod to Terence Vane.

When I was your age I believed in three things with all my heart—women, the play, and sparkling Moselle."

"And now he believes in nothing save himself," muttered Nugent.

The lad smiled eagerly at Lord Ellismere and as the latter quickly moved a little on the coffee Terence got up and exchanged the seat by his cousin's side for the one next Lord Ellismere.

The easy, exquisite air of breeding which hung about the man of fashion fascinated the boy and both Lord Horace and Willie Nugent saw it.

The Moselle was brought and Lord Ellismere filled Terence Vane's glass to the brim.

"Nectar for the gods!" he said, with a pleasant rank smile. "Let me see you enjoy it; I have ostentatious taste for it, but I can understand, I can understand."

Terence Vane laughed at the polished gentleman, nodded knowingly, and half emptied the glass.

Then Lord Ellismere bit a cigar and joined in the conversation which Nugent had feverishly started in the hope that cards might be forgotten or avoided.

But, as luck would have it, when the Moselle had darted to the brain of the unsophisticated Terence one of the men yawned and drawled out:

"Ha, aren't we going to do anything? I shall go to sleep, 'pon honour, if somebody doesn't do something."

"What do you say to lot?" asked Lord Ellismere, with half-drooped eyes.

Several of the men nodded and only Howard objected.

"Let's have a holiday," he said "for one night. Ellismere, a rest will do you good!"

"No, do play!" said Terence Vane, eagerly. "I should so like to see you play."

Willie half rose, but Lord Ellismere's soft, cold tones kept him chained to the seat.

"Soh, soh!" he said. "The young war horse sniffs the air of battle. Well, so you shall see us play, and, what's more, play yourself, if Uncle Willie—or Cousin Willie—will allow it!"

Cousin Willie permits anything short of suicide," retorted Nugent, who was not proof against the sneer, and did not want to make the lad ashamed. "So let it be."

The cards were produced, and the stakes, in compliment to the youthful visitor, put low.

"Now," thought Nugent, "if the young scamp should have the good luck to lose heavily he may get a sickener of gambling and be saved. I hope he will drop every penny in his pocket!"

But Fortune is notoriously gracious to the novice in his temple.

The game proceeded, Lord Ellismere stolidly calm and pleasant to the lad at his side, and apparently perfectly indifferent to the chances of the game.

At first Terence Vane lost, but his fair face showed no disappointment, and when he commenced to win his countenance lit up with keen delight.

Nugent, who watched him unobtrusively, saw with pain what pleasure the mere winning brought the lad, and that pain grew as Terence's pile of sovereigns grew larger.

Luck set in in the most extraordinary way for the two cousins and against Lord Horace.

Lord Ellismere's smile was as pleasant and his voice as languidly polished as usual, and it never fluctuated in tone as the luck grew blacker and blacker against him and the gold which he had won of Edgar Raven lost his cool hands for the hot ones of the lad.

So the game ran on, and at length Nugent flung down his cards, and said, almost sheepily:

"I vote we change the game; I have won enough for to-night, and Terence, here, more than enough."

"No—that is, yes, I don't care about the winning; it's the jolliness of the game I like," exclaimed the lad. "Do let us go on."

"Shall we?" asked Ellismere, fingering his last bank-note in his waistcoat pocket. "What do you say, Nugent? Better give the youngster a good dose of it to cure him once and for all," he added, with an unpleasant grin.

"As you like," replied Nugent. "I should have thought you would have been disgusted with so long a run of bad luck."

"Not I," said Ellismere. "I take it as it comes." "Come along then!" said Terence Vane.

And he deposited his stake.

Lord Ellismere dropped his last ten pound note into the pool, and Nugent dealt fresh hands.

"Now," thought Ellismere, "if the luck turns I must keep them playing until I can re-win. If not—"

He did not bring the collection to a conclusion; the note was his last.

He lost it.

Terence, who had won half, raised his pile of money together with a hat, resembling himself, accompanied by an excited laugh.

"This is what I call fun!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "But I'm sorry I've won so much."

"That's ungrateful to Terence," said Ellismere, leaning on the table and watching his money as it went into the pocket of the lad with a calm but not pleasant smile. "Never be ungrateful to your best friend, Mr. Vane. I shouldn't be surprised if she were to turn spiteful and send you her daughter, Miss Fortune, instead of herself."

"I shouldn't care," retorted Terence Vane, with a light-hearted stroke of the shoulders. "I don't care for the money; it's the fun of it—the excitement. But I've won against best of men."

"Too much," said Nugent, almost sheepily. "And now I suppose you will come home?"

"Not before supper," said Ellismere, with an inviting smile at the lad. "A few grilled bones and burnt coffee, eh? Come, Nugent, let the lad have his fling. You always had good."

Nugent shrugged his shoulders.

"He can go in for grilled bones and coffee, if he likes," he said, calmly. "What do you say, shall we sup, or breakfast, with Lord Ellismere?"

Terence's face flushed with pleasure.

"I should like it above all things, my lord," he said.

"Come on then," said Ellismere. "My cab is waiting. We two can squeeze in that. Howard can take Nugent in his."

So arranged, the party reached Lord Ellismere's chambers in the Albany, where grilled bones, coffee and various other suitable viands and drinks were soon set forth.

The rooms had a great charm upon Terence, and the fascination which Lord Ellismere had exerted on him grew more intense each hour.

Horace Ellismere could talk, look and set like a polished man of the world, and to Terence he seemed the greatest of the great as hour after hour the lord exerted himself to amuse and astonish the boy.

At last, as the daylight flooded the room, Nugent rose, drained a cup of burnt coffee and called for his hat.

"You fellows needn't break up for me, but I'm engaged in the park," he said. "Terry, if you can tear yourself away—"

Terence Vane rose reluctantly and shook hands with his host.

"Good night, or morning," said Lord Ellismere, with a frank smile. "We shall be great friends, Mr. Vane, I am sure. We must see a great deal of each other, eh?"

Terence murmured something enthusiastic and departed with admiration for Lord Ellismere thrilling through every vein.

"What a fine fellow Lord Ellismere is!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically, as he and Nugent passed into the street.

"So you seem to think," said Nugent. "At the same time I should advise you—merely advise you, Terry, not to make too intimate a friend of him."

"Why not?" asked the boy, with an astonished stare.

"Because—well, to put it plainly, I don't think Lord Ellismere is the sort of man to do a lad like you any good. You're too excitable, Terry—no offence, my boy—and too much of a novice in the world's fair. Lord Ellismere is not the sort of friend for you, Terry."

"Why not?" asked Terence Vane again. "What has he done? He seems a gentleman, honourable and—"

"I do not say that he is not," said Nugent. "He's not the sort of man, Terry, all the same. He's too fond of play—a reputed gambler."

"That's ungenerous," exclaimed the lad, flushing hotly. "You forget, Willie, that I have the Lord Ellismere's money in my pocket and that you have been playing also. It is mean to abuse a man whose money you have been winning."

"Well, Terry, we won't quarrel," said Nugent, with a grave smile. "In my opinion Lord Ellismere is not worth it. You shall go your way, if you like, but remember that I warned you."

"Thank you, Willie, I know you mean well, and it's very kind," said the lad, pressing Nugent's arm. "But it does seem unfair to abuse the man whose money you have pocketed and who bore its loss so well!"

Meanwhile Lord Ellismere was seated, with a deep scowl on his face, staring at the empty glasses and dirty plates of the late breakfast.

"All gone, every penny!" he muttered. "What luck the young hound had! But I'll meet his blood for it. I'll clear him out to the last penny. Ha, ha, Mr. Nugent, I'll pay you back many a sweeter and sharper, fatter sarcasm. I'll teach you in a better place, and when you see your young friend, Terence, under my always good wish you had been some shell to Lord Horace. Every penny gone! Well, I must look upon it as an investment, and I shall Terence must pay a heavy interest, the young hound!"

CHAPTER I.

It was of her life that she was so sure. She was a creature of imagination. She was a creature of imagination.

With the box of costumes safely fastened up in a cupboard attached to her dressing-room, Valeria Temple felt that she had made an important contribution to her object.

She had now the means of going about from place to place and mixing in various grades of society unknown and undreamed of.

With Madame Leclerc she enjoyed freedom of action, and she would now meet the dreadful task which her dying mother had imposed on her.

Engaged with the feeling of progress and freedom was another and a grander emotion.

Valeria, after the fashion in the garden-court, could not help but sometimes stray sometimes to her near neighbour.

She thought often of Edgar Raven, and to her he always appeared in the guise and character of a protector.

At night, when the autumnal winds blew the leaves against the windows and made the old house seem mysteriously quiet and solitary, the remembrance that a strong hand and a brave heart were so near her dispelled the sense of insecurity and weakness and made the quiet seem less threatening.

So strong did this feeling possess her that she insensibly got into the habit of looking for Edgar Raven's exits and entrances, and when she saw his tall, stalwart figure swinging up the path to his studio the feeling of security and companionship settled down on her.

Madame Leclerc had kept her promise, and neither by word nor look attempted to pry into the affairs of the strange girl with whom she had engaged as companion and friend.

Madam was very fond of reading and letter-writing, and so amused herself while Valeria, shut up in her own room, mused, read or played.

Music now was her chief solace.

She practised on the harp and the piano daily and sang, when in the mood, classical and difficult music.

She had set herself to attain a certain proficiency and her zeal was unrelenting.

Sometimes she would have her harp carried to the garden at the back of the house.

Here there was a large lawn, edged by a border of flowers and with a small knot of dark oaks at the back.

Beneath some gnarled old tree Valeria would spend the brightest part of the morning, sometimes thinking, sometimes playing, and not unfrequently accompanying the dulcet chords of the harp with some softened, subdued song.

Not far from this little clump of trees was a certain window, and often, as the music was wafted towards it, the handsome face of Edgar Raven would appear.

He could not see the fair figure, but the nearer the window the nearer he was to it, and, with his palette

and brush in his hand, he would stand rapt in thought and the spell which the music wrought for him.

He had become industrious since the night when he had saved Valeria's jewels, and perhaps her life, and the old restless feeling seemed to have left him, at least for a while.

He rose early and after a frugal breakfast fell to at his work with an earnestness quite new and strange to him.

Landscape were now deserted for fancy portraits, some of them with the dark hair, deep, thoughtful eyes and tender mouth of his near neighbour.

She was in his thoughts day and night, though he strove with all the force of his strong will to dislodge her.

He could not help wondering who she might be, and whence she had come.

"That girl has a history," he would mutter, musingly. "I am sure of it. I wonder what it is. Dressed in black, she wears a recent loss. Without father or mother, living so solitary and almost friendless, there must be a mystery, too. She is not poor, the richness of her dress, quiet as it is, and the value of her jewels tell that. It is strange! And what is it to Edgar Raven?" he would interrupt his thoughts to exclaim, annoyed with himself, "if she has a mystery? If she has killed her whole family and is living on the proceeds? She is nothing to me and I am nothing to her, and but for that scene in the garden yonder I should have thought no more of her."

"Besides," he would murmur, "it is evident she does not want the acquaintance to go any farther, and, therefore, it must be dropped."

Perhaps the moment he had come to this conclusion the soft music would reach his silent studio, and all his thoughts would fly back to her.

One day, while turning out a drawer in search of some colours he needed, he came across an old, faded music book.

Most of it was in manuscript, and the whole looked like a volume that had belonged to some old master or musician long since dead.

He turned the yellow leaves with restless curiosity, and was about to pitch the volume into a corner of the room when the idea occurred to him that perhaps his neighbour might like to see the book.

"Old music, songs, carminets, and sonatas, may have a charm for her. I will send it in."

He carefully packed it in paper, and rang the bell, then, when the servant came, he hesitated. Why not run in with it himself, with a few words of explanation and apology?

He dismissed the servant, took up his hat, and, in his plain, unadorned velvet jacket, and the music book under his arm, rang the old-fashioned bell of Valeria's house.

To his inquiry if Miss Temple was within, a servant, dressed in simple, neat mourning, requested him to walk into the drawing-room.

A feeling not unpleasant but peculiar ran through Edgar Raven as he crossed the threshold of the house whose inmates he so interested him.

The drawing-room, or reception-room, was tastefully furnished, and Edgar's artistic eyes took in the refined aspect at a glance.

The gay satin furniture was outworn at intervals by bright patches of crimson satin, valuable but quiet pictures deeply framed in dull gold lit up the walls, and some books cleverly bound lay ready to the hand.

In a few minutes Madame Leclaire entered and held out her hand with her well-bred smile. Edgar bowed over it and made the usual inquiries.

"I hope I am not intruding," he said, with a certain hesitation. "This old music folio is my only excuse. I thought that it might perhaps interest Miss Temple, who I know is fond of the art. I found the book in an old drawer of lumber, and have ventured to bring it in."

"How kind of you!" said Madame Leclaire. "Miss Temple is devoted to music, and I am sure will be interested and obliged. I will tell her that you are here. I daresay you were surprised to see me instead of her, but she receives no visitors, and I am obliged to play the hostess."

"Evidently," thought Edgar, "she has not told Madame of the midnight romance."

Then aloud he hastened to say: "Pray do not disturb Miss Temple. I brought the book myself to explain what might otherwise have appeared a liberty. If you will kindly place the folio in her hands, I shall be extremely pleased should it interest her in the slightest."

"Wait a moment, if you don't mind," said Madame Leclaire, after a moment's thought. "I should like to take the book to her while you are here. She is in the garden; perhaps—"

And she hesitated. A bold resolution, sudden and overpowering, forced itself upon Edgar.

"I'll go with you and make my own excuses," he said, and, picking up the volume, he waited for Madame Leclaire to lead the way.

After a moment's hesitation she did so, inwardly doubtful of the sort of reception they both would meet at Valeria's hands.

They found her seated at the foot of her favourite oak, her harp beside her, but her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes bent on the ground.

Edgar as he looked took in the whole picture with a glow of pleasure.

What would he have given for the power to transfer her, old oaks and all, to canvas!

She looked up as they appeared and rose.

Edgar came up and took her hand, which, with a slight flush of pleasure mingled with surprise, she held out to him.

"Shall I be forgiven," he said, in his low, musical voice, "for breaking the spell and invading the castle?"

"Is it gratitude or really pardon you require?" she said, with a naive expression of the dark brows. "I am sorry you have had the trouble of seeking me here. I did not know that you had called."

"The intrusion on your solitude was all my own idea," said Edgar, hastening to exonerate Madame Leclaire from any blame. "I thought it a pity to bring you in for so small a cause. It is here," he added, touching the folio. "This is the reason of my visit."

And he told her how he had found it, and thought that it might perhaps interest her.

"I love music; but I am no musician," he said; "you, who are, may find something worthy of preservation in the old book."

Valeria thanked him simply, and turned the leaves over slowly.

"It is very old," she said, thoughtfully. "I will try some of them over. I am very grateful to you for your considerate kindness. Should I light on any old picture I will endeavour to repay you."

He coloured.

"I want no repayment, at least not of that kind," he added. "If you would be so gracious as to let me hear you sing the song you deem the best in the book I shall be repaid a thousandfold."

Valeria smiled.

"That sounds like a compliment—but I am forgetting my duties as hostess. Will you not be seated?" and she looked to the garbled oak which had thrown up its roots into something like a seat.

"Thank you," he said, taking her at her word and seating himself.

Madame Leclaire had already taken a seat upon a camp-stool, and was looking from one to the other with amiable interest, and thinking what a handsome pair they were.

"Here is an old song," said Valeria, who had been turning over the leaves, and had apparently forgotten the presence of the other two. "I remember this at home—"

She stopped suddenly, and, to cover the abrupt pause, struck a few chords and played the air on the harp.

"Will you sing it?" asked Edgar.

She hesitated a moment, then sang in a low voice a song which she had heard an old nurse croon in the nursery at Ellmers.

As she sang the scene came back to her, and inspired her with her great present loneliness, and the great past dreariness and solitude, with no one to love and beloved by no one; the old castle as grim as her life, and no gleam of sunshine across one day!

Her eyes filled with tears for a moment, but lowering her head she hid them, and turned with a smile to Edgar Raven.

"If only for that one old tune the book is welcome, Mr. Raven."

"Perhaps you will find some more you will recognize," he said, eagerly.

"Perhaps," she said, laying the book aside, and resuming the attitude in which they had found her.

"And you have been working to-day?" she said, as if they had been talking instead of sitting silently.

"Yes," he said. "Not very hard, I am afraid, but I am always wonderfully ready to rest. This spot is delicious. I am afraid if it were within the walls of my garden I should do still less work than I do."

"Then I am glad it is not," she said, with a grave smile. "Work is the greatest blessing which Heaven has given to man."

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I am afraid you have done but very little," he said, "or your opinion would have been different."

"I am the most useless creature in existence," she said, with a weary, self-contemptuous gesture. "Even Madame here is a silent reproach to me day

by day. I cannot do needlework; see, I have tried."

And she took up and held out an intricate jumble of crochet or lace work.

"My fingers turn and fidget until the whole is in confusion. If I could work as fast as my thoughts now! But you," she said, turning the splendour of her deep, thoughtful eyes, "you work and find your reward; you are content with life and find it full of satisfaction, Mr. Raven."

"I am not content with life, and I find it almost at all times full of dissatisfaction."

She leaned her face upon her chin and her elbows on her knees and looked at him as if she were studying a picture or a sculpture.

"You?" she said, very much as she had uttered the word at the Armitages. "And yet you look so happy and content!"

"Faces we see are but masks to hide the faces we do not," he said, with a laugh and a nod. "We agreed upon that the other night. No, Miss Temple, I cannot boast of that greatest of happiness—contentment. On the contrary, I am full of discontent. My life is as useless as you say your life is; though your life cannot be, for you can give pleasure and happiness by opening your lips, and with a wave of your hand. My life is solitary, aimless, objectless."

"Ambition?" she murmured.

"I have none," he said, with a gesture of earnestness. "Why should I? There is not a soul in the world who cares whether Edgar Raven's name is heard only in gutters or resounds in high places. I am alone in the world, Miss Temple, and half the interest of life is gone when that is so."

She looked at him again.

"But you are a man," she said, with a sigh, "and can do what you please, go where you please. You are born free. I am a woman, and the chain which conventionalism has worn since the days of Eve binds me hand and foot. Women are slaves to men and to fashion and to folly."

"And yet she rules over all of them," said Edgar Raven.

Valeria smiled.

"What think you, Madame Leclaire?"

Madame smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"You are talking too wisely for me, my dear," she said. "But I am glad to hear you talk with some one other than me. Mr. Raven is better able to understand and argue. Please go on."

Edgar rose as Valeria laughed.

"I am afraid I must take my departure," he said, with evident reluctance. "Fashion says visits of ceremony should admit of twenty minutes only. I have been here longer, I am afraid. Time passes quickly."

"Your welcome has not expired yet," she said.

"Pray do not hurry, if you have nothing better to do than to talk to two idle ladies, I beg Madame's pardon, one idle and one industrious lady."

"There can be nothing better for me to do," said Raven, significantly. "If I were to remain here I should be obliged to withdraw that statement of mine as to dissatisfaction. I should be content here."

Valeria, who had taken everything seriously, and was as proudly unconscious of a compliment as a queen, shook her head.

"Not for long, I am afraid. Have you seen any more of Mrs. and Miss Armitage?"

"No," said Edgar.

"By the way, how forgetful of me!" broke in Madame, "that reminds me that Selma Armitage has written asking us to go there next Tuesday. To-day is Tuesday. A dinner party."

Valeria looked at once interested, and Edgar, while he watched her face, wondered if he should be invited or if he had been.

Madame Leclaire's next question was apropos.

"Shall we meet you, Mr. Raven, if Miss Temple accepts?"

Edgar coloured slightly.

"I don't know whether I have been or shall be invited. The fact is," he added, "I am sorry to say I never open any letters. You see," he explained, "I have no relations or friends, no bills, and the rest—"

"Do not seem worth notice. Madame Leclaire must remember that peculiarity," said Valeria, with an amused smile. "She might, had you not warned us, have had occasion to write to you. I fear that you are almost as indolent as the young lady who sits under the oaks and while she does nothing says labour is a blessing."

Edgar laughed at this piece of self-directed satire, and Madame Leclaire returned to the charge.

"But you did not answer me, Mr. Raven, shall we meet you if we go?"

"If I be invited I shall accept," said Edgar. "The Armitages are such pleasant people," he added, falsely, "and one meets such agreeable folks there."

"Do you accept, Valeria?" said madame. "If you would like to go; let it rest with your own inclination," she replied, with a most sublime indifference, which would have nettled a much less vain man than Edgar.

He rose once more, cap in hand. "I have been thinking," he said, "what a beautiful little picture this would make," looking at the little clump of trees with Valeria in the centre.

Valeria rose and crossed over to where he stood. "Yes," she said.

"Not now," said Edgar, significantly. "You left only the background when you came away, Miss Temple."

She returned to her seat and looked absent again.

"I should like to paint it," said Edgar, venturing still farther. "May I hope that you will some time permit me to do so, Miss Temple?"

"Certainly—some time," said Valeria, indifferently.

"As it is?" said Edgar, leaning against the tree, and taking in the picture in his mind's eye.

"Oh, yes," said Valeria, "if it will be of any use to you."

"You said 'some time,'" said Edgar, persistently, and determined, with a fast-beating heart, to take advantage of her indifference, if he could, to gain her permission to paint it at once. "There is no time like the present, the lights are so good in autumn mornings. May I come to-morrow and bring my easel?"

Then Valeria for the first time saw what she had done.

She knit her brows gravely and looked up at him, then at Madame Leclaire, and saw no way out of the difficulty, as she would not retract her word:

"Yes, to-morrow, if you like, Mr. Raven."

"Thank you so much," said Edgar, a delighted flush for a moment colouring his grave face. "We artists are so delighted to catch a pretty scene or a beautiful"—"a face" he was going to say, but stopped and substituted—"object, that we like to secure it."

"The oaks will not run away, nor shall I; at least, before to-morrow," said Valeria, with her strange smile, and she held out her hand.

Edgar took it, bent over it, and murmured "good-bye—till to-morrow."

Then he followed Madame Leclaire to the house, and, with his heart beating with a strange, new and pleasurable excitement, made his way to his studio.

"To-morrow!" he breathed, flinging his cap into a corner and making for his cigar-case. "It seems too good to be true. Can it be possible that I have stormed the castle and conquered the princess? She gave her consent half-unwittingly, and when she had come to herself again would have liked to have withdrawn it. But she did not, and I shall see her again to-morrow."

Suddenly his face grew grave, almost stern. "Edgar Raven!" he muttered, "whether are you drifting? What is this strange girl to you that you should be so enraptured at the mere idea of basking in the sunshine of her presence? Is it possible that you can dream even vaguely of love? Edgar, beware! There is not the shadow of love in that beautiful face for you; only indifference—mere indifference! Beware, there are still ice maidens, and a man's life and heart may be frozen before he can prevent them. No, let there be no thought of love. Friendship is the word. We will be friends."

(To be continued.)

AN HISTORICAL LEG.—The Marquis of Anglessea's leg was for some years almost as famous as the chivalrous marquis himself, so far superior was it to anything that had previously been produced for a similar purpose. The gallant officer had a leg shattered by a cannon-ball at the battle of Waterloo; he underwent two amputations, one on the battlefield by an army surgeon, the other by Mr. (afterwards Sir Everard) Home, after his return to England. Then Mr. Gray set to work. He took a cast in wax of the stump of the poor unfortunate leg, transferred the impression to tough and light desiccated willow, and ingeniously introduced strings of catgut to represent that (so-called) tendon of Achilles which gives elasticity and propelling power. It is a great thing to say that the leg retained its proud position for nearly forty years, until the marquis, as a venerable field marshal, closed his career at the age of eighty-five—not the same leg, of course, for an artificial leg, like a boot, will wear out in course of time. As experience grew, and further observations were made, the original Anglessea leg gradually made way for a better. The marquis looked so well on horseback that the admiring public could scarcely believe one of his legs to be artificial. The string of catgut at the back of the heel extended the foot when

straightened; a spring inserted in the instep lifted the toes from the ground when the leg bent in walking. Nevertheless, nature had not been sufficiently imitated in the first Anglessea leg; there was no lateral motion in the ankle-joint, the wearer could not walk on uneven ground without experiencing an unpleasant amount of jar and strain. Moreover, there was too much creak and rattle with the metal-work, and the wearer had to keep near at hand a small oil-can, wherewith to lubricate his joints. These inconveniences were got rid of one by one—a great improvement being the introduction of a ball-and-socket ankle-joint, and another being the substitution of indiarubber for metal in some of the parts.

THE DISCONTENTED MAN.

The summer sun beats fiercely down,

As summer sun should do,

No other law has nature known

Since seasons had their due.

"Who ever saw such weather!" asks

The wife, as plies the fan;

"I never did," the husband gasps—

The discontented man.

A week has brought the northern breeze,

It seems like winter now,

An early frost the farmer sees,

With moodiness of brow:

"Who ever saw such cold in June?"

Remember he who can?"

Thus ever hums his doleful tune,

The discontented man.

A week of drought is passing by,

No cloud is in the sky,

The earth is like a furnace floor,

The streams are running dry.

"Who ever saw so dry a time?"

Not I, in all my span;"

Thus mumbles out, in doleful rhyme,

The discontented man.

A week of rain comes on, of course,

For such is nature's will,

Our friend is fairly growing hoarse,

More discontented still.

"Another flood; we'll all be drowned,

Content be those who can;"

Thus runs he still his grumbling round,

The discontented man.

And yet the time for sowing seed,

The time in which to grow,

The harvest, equal to our need,

Is promised, as we know.

But whether heat or whether chill,

It is the Maker's plan,

And is decreed beyond thy will,

Oh, discontented man.

F. J.

CLEVER PEOPLE.

Is it a good thing to be clever? One would think lot, judging by the manner in which many talented people are treated. In point of fact, the usage to which these are sometimes subjected is of such a character that they may readily be excused if they should occasionally devoutly wish that they were stupid. Their less brilliant neighbours are continually trying to pick holes in their coats, with the view of showing the world that they are not deserving of such high praises as the world seems disposed to award them. Critics who will graciously permit persons of a common-place character to escape the lash of censure, pounce upon a man who is popularly supposed to be above the average in point of intellectual attainments and savagely flagellate him to the extent of their power. At one time they endeavour to prove that he is a rank impostor; at another time they hint that he is a dangerous character, who is doing more harm than good in the world; and, in exceptional cases, when he outrages their selfish prejudices, they go so far as to cast a doubt upon his sanity.

The individual who has made a fortune by grinding the life out of his employees and constantly getting the better of those who have had business transactions with him, will inform you, with unctuous self-satisfaction, that certain clever people are lacking in the most important of all things, viz., common sense. Unless a man has the talent of amassing money—even though he possesses ten others which are of a higher and purer character—even though he has painted pictures, written books, made scientific investigations, and formulated systems of philosophy which represent more actual brain-work and integrity of purpose than a hundred fortunes—society deems itself at liberty to make light of him and to sneer at him if it feels disposed to do so.

When it does condescend to recognize his claims, it often does so in a manner which may well inspire him with the most profound disgust. In nine

cases out of ten, people exalt him—when they do so—because they wish to be exalted themselves. They would like it to be understood that they are on terms of intimacy with this man of genius, and that they have been graciously pleased to patronise that other person of talent. No doubt, indeed, there are enterprising beings who would keep a recognized man of talent about their premises, just as they keep prize cattle, if the expenditure of money would enable them to do so.

At the same time nine-tenths of those who sound the praises of their clever friends—or, rather, those whom they are pleased to say are their friends—are very careful to point out that the said friends are peculiar, and eccentric, and so on, as if the "strange creatures" could do the work which they are doing, if they were continually passing in their labours to see that they were not outraging any of the laws to which the plutocracy pay a slavish deference. Then when a man of ability comes to grief there is a wagging of heads and a time of rejoicing. Stupid people gloat over the fact that he has not been able to look after himself better than they have been able to look after themselves; and the chances are that they begin to think themselves quite clever upon the score of his solitary failure in a matter which is, in their eyes, of paramount importance, but to which he has devoted little attention.

Clever people, in addition to being as a class disliked, are feared. Very few ordinary persons are at their ease when talking to them; and a great many consider that the less intercourse they hold with them the better will it be for their peace of mind. Often they fancy that the stupendous beings cannot take an interest in the matters which most delight ordinary natures. In all this they are very foolish. A weak mind is always benefited when it comes in contact with a strong mind; and it will be found that in numerous cases those who possess the most powerful intellects possess the gentleness and, in many respects, the simplicity of children. Of course there are so-called clever people who will not condescend to consort with those who are assumed to be humbler mentally than themselves, and make a point of snubbing those who will consent to be snubbed by them; but it will be found that these haughty tyrants are, in a general way, impostors and that their arrogant assumption of superiority to most of those with whom they are brought in contact is as unjustifiable as it is abominable.

Unfortunately many people are not only afraid to have much to do with clever people in their individual capacities, but they look with the most profound suspicion upon much that clever people do. As a great number of clever people are constantly making important discoveries, as they are in the habit of promulgating what appear novel ideas, and as they fail to subscribe to that comfortable doctrine that all that is is for the best and therefore do not argue that every modern institution, whether it be good or bad, should be preserved simply because it is an institution, this is not surprising. But it is to the last degree absurd that men should greet with howls of execration views of things which do not coincide with their notions and, appear calculated to revolutionise a great deal of what they are accustomed to.

The spirit which led to the persecution of Galileo and impeded the work of George Stephenson is as active as ever, in spite of the fact that experience tells us that the hated theory of to-day becomes the golden rule of to-morrow. Thus it happens that clever people frequently fail to reap the reward of their labours, unless they can be said to be rewarded when, after their bodies have crumbled into dust, statues are erected to their memories and other honours paid them. They scatter the seed while the winter's blast blows about their heads; others reap the harvest in the warm summer's sunshine. Every new idea has to receive a certain amount of abuse ere the popular mind becomes accustomed to it and it is carried into effect. Those who carry it into effect are lucky persons, who secure public approbation upon the strength of what other people have done.

STEALING BRAINS.—Professor Weisbach, in his "Treatise on Mechanics," makes the following remarks: "As I consider my reputation as an author of much more importance than any mere pecuniary advantage, it is always a pleasure to me to find my 'Mechanics' made use of in works of a similar character; but when writers avail themselves of it without the slightest acknowledgment, I can only appeal to the judgment of the public." Most writers undoubtedly are glad to have the widest publicity given to their productions, provided they receive credit for the same; and there are few reputable editors or publishers who neglect this in copying from books and other periodicals. Still more rarely do writers who are compelled from the nature of their subjects to draw material from all sources omit to state this fact, and give due credit to all from whom they derive information.



[FAGIN MAKES HIS APPEARANCE.]

OLD RUFFORD'S MONEY; OR, WON WITHOUT MERIT, LOST WITHOUT DESERVING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Fighting for Freedom," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Thus the whirligig of time brings in its revenges.
Shakespeare.

EPHRAIM FERRETT'S scrutiny was satisfactory. Two notes of one hundred pounds, four of fifty pounds, ten of twenty pounds, twenty of ten pounds, and forty of five pounds each, new and crisp from the Bank of England, made a very pretty morning's work; there were also some cheques and bills returned accepted by London houses.

These Mr. Ferrett, after a careful inspection, and jotting down a few memoranda, proceeded to burn in the miserable little firegrate by the aid of a lucifer and some additional waste-paper and sticks of wood.

But what most delighted him was the possession of about two hundred pounds in gold and fifty pounds in new silver.

He had just completed counting this into heaps when a well-known tap at the room-door was followed by the entrance of Joe Fagin, disguised as we have formerly seen him.

"Joe, this is fortunate; I want you to—"

"Be quick, then, for I've little time to spare, governor; but I've cribbed an hour or so to tell you that our little game for next week is off the books for a month. I don't take my regular turn on the night train, for I'm unluckily promoted—I suppose they consider it so—to act guard to a special saloon train to Dover that's to take some royal rascals down that day for the Continent. The train, however, comes off right to-day, hasn't it? Of course there's nothing blown yet about it, eh?"

"Everything comes off right that I'm concerned in, Joe. You shall make me your banker for fifty, and I'll let you draw for that amount on demand. Here are the notes," and he exhibited the larger ones to the delighted eyes of Joe. "Look at the big 'raspberry-tart' in the corner of each of them; don't that make your mouth water? It won't do, you understand, to change any of them in London; no, nor in England, for that matter. That's the way clumsy fellows get caught out. Here's four sovs. and some

silver, Joe, for present pocket-money, and just step down to Israel Fagin—that's safer than my going—and tell him I want him on business. You know his crib?"

Joe assented, pocketed the coin, and went out, and in a few minutes a wrinkled, dirty old Jew made his appearance.

"Ha, Fagin, my old nose, take a seat. I've a rare bit of fence for you. I suppose you could make it worth while to send a special parcel to Holland if I could line it with a cool thousand in new flimaises, eh?"

"A cool thousand did you say, Mishter Ferrett? Vell, you are pleaset to be shooosh this evening. New notesh, Bank of England, did you say?" And the old man's black eyes glistened with eager curiosity and greed. "Where are they? I don't believe in such things except von I shees them."

"Perhaps not, old unbeliever. But you shall soon have ocular dem. of the fact. What are these worth? one thousand? Take them as they are and deal with them as you please."

Ephraim laid the packet on the table and enumerated the numbers and the values of the notes.

"Things isn't as they used to be, Mishter Ferrett—business is completely changed. Vv always used to have three or four days' start with notes in the Dutch market and about the same for France, vvhiles if ve did business worth vvhile in Italy, Germany, Greece or, still better, the East, vy, it vas poundage, as it would be months before the notes vas ever presented. But now, my good Mr. Ferrett, vat vvitsh shupcial trains and shiteamers and the like they're down on a chap for a little note dealin' before he has time to arrange anything at all. It's getting more risky every day, my friend—so risky that I'd rather say nothing to notes of any sort."

"Nonsense. You know plenty of changers who will melt these, ask no questions, and make the bank pay them on presentation. If you can't come to a deal with me, why, I'll take a Continental trip myself and find a customer there for them."

"Don't be so fast, Mr. Ferrett. I didn't say I would not deal with yer. I only said that the risk had doubled, yes, more than doubled, vvitsh all paper. I shall have to pay fifty per shent to my correspondant at Antwerp, or Frankfort, or Hamburg, or wherever it may be, and then there's my own trouble and expence and risk. I can bid you next to nothing, at least wotsh taking, for that sort of thing. But I'll try my best and see what they will fetch abroad, if you like to—"

"But I don't like to, and, what's more, I shall only part upon value received."

"There again—vot ish the man about? I vas only saying that you might get a better price by leaving it open to see what can be got abroad for them, I did not ask you to give me credit, nor any one else."

"Let's come to the point then. Here are one thousand pounds in new notes. When and where will you meet me and what will you give me for them?"

Mr. Fagin fell into a seeming brown study of calculation, and Mr. Ferrett awaited his answer.

"I couldn't give more nor ten per cent. in justice to myself, Mr. Ferrett. The things are, as I explained, so terrible risky."

"Give me two hundred and fifty and the notes are yours, friend Israel," was the response.

"Two hundred and fifty! You are joking?"

"Not I. I said two hundred and fifty."

"Vell, I think ve both means business, but that amount ish quite out of all question. I'd give you five hundred if the market would allow. You know vell, Mr. Ferrett, I'm a man of few vords, that always gives the best price. One hundred is the money, and I shall go and raise it this very night."

"Two hundred and the notes are yours."

"It's too much. Vv'll shplit the difference."

"To-night. One hundred and fifty. Where?"

"Under the arches down Bermondsey way. You know the house?"

"Right. And the time?"

"Nine o'clock. I shall bring my son, Reuben, with me."

"Good."

And thus was one thousand pounds of honest money bartered away for less than one-sixth of its sterling value, while nearly three thousand pounds of valuable securities were consigned to the flames, and for a while lost to their lawful owners, in order that some robbers might secure to themselves this miserable proportion of their proceeds. So true is it that the villains who prey upon society are again preyed upon by yet more contemptible villains.

That night Joe Fagin, being taken with Mr. Ferrett as a personal protection and a witness, and Mr. Fagin, having his son Reuben as a body-guard and purse-bearer, the four "high contracting parties" carried out their already arranged programme, the notes being duly transferred to the possession of the Jew receiver.

This business concluded, Mr. Fagin and his son departed.

Mr. Ferrett and Joe, however, did not leave at the same time, but remained to discuss various topics

over a pipe and a tumbler of grog "for the good of the house."

In the course of conversation Mr. Ferrett, who was especially cheerful and communicative, sketched to Joe, in a facetious manner, the probable consequences to Reginald Chesterton—whom he hated with all the intense malignity of a cowardly nature—of the forgery and robbery, both of which he had so cleverly fixed upon him.

Joe, who knew a good deal of Reginald, and who admired his generosity, which he had himself occasionally experienced, said but little. In fact he felt himself particularly embarrassed and uneasy. His admiration for Ephraim's ability by no means extended to this sort of villany, and because or twice was about to declare his disapproval of his mode of revenge, but Ephraim's positiveness and volubility overawed him.

"Yes, Joe, it'll go hard with him to disprove that signature, and those banker-covers when they do call in the detectives, and do get hold of evidence, hand it all over to the regular bankers' solicitors, and when you once get into their hands it's all over with you; in that case neither money, nor friends can save you. There's no squaring them."

Joe fidgeted in his chair.

"They won't hang him, will they, if he be as it's proved against him?"

"I wish they would, Joe; but they're too tender-hearted now. It'll be penal for life though, I'm thinking. I wonder how Mr. Reginald's long fingers—I can feel them on my gut now—will look after six months at making of rush-bottom chairs, with maybe a turn at canvas stitching and rope-mat bending by way of change, but he'll be!"

Joe felt yet more uncomfortable. He was almost disgusted with his companion. Still he stood in awe of his cleverness, and held his tongue. Then he thought of the impropriety of quarrelling with a man who had just lined his pockets with coin, who was, in fact, his banker, his associate, his guide, philosopher, and friend.

So Joe allowed him to go on, and, as silence gives consent, even the astute Mr. Ferrett never perceived the unexpected effect which his exultant expressions of revenge and malignity produced on the unrepining listener.

Joe knocked the ashes from his second pipe, and finished his glass of grog; then, rising, begged Mr. Ferrett to excuse him, as "his time wasn't exactly his own," which that gentleman did, and after shaking hands, remained to finish his third tumbler of gin and water in meditative solitude.

The next night, at the very hour when Mr. Lynx bade good night to Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Dobson at the door of the bank, Joe Paget accosted Mr. Benjamin Bridoon as he alighted from his phaeton in front of the "King's Arms."

"Good evening, Mr. Bridoon. Can I have a word with you?"

"Twenty, if you like, Joe. Where the deuce have you been hiding yourself for months? Been in the country, eh? How are you getting on?"

To one of these queries Joe truthfully replied that he had been in the country, and, following Mr. Bridoon into the parlour of the tavern, that gentleman asked him first what he was going to have to drink, and then what was his business.

"Well, the business is the main question, eh," said Joe; "and you must excuse me if I tell you some things that I can't explain exactly how I came to know of. You know Mr. Reginald Chesterton?"

"Rather; one of the finest young fellows as ever stepped in shoe-leather."

"That's just us. I know him too. I suppose you wouldn't like to see mischief happen to him?"

"I'd like to see who'd do it!" replied Bridoon, defiantly. "What's there any hounding move about this next match? Well, if I hadn't some misgivings about it when I was at Harry Broom's last night, and they were talking about his throttling Blacksheep Bowman."

Joe felt like a criminal.

"Oh, so, it's nothing about hounding, Mr. Bridoon, nor billiard matches; it's a precious sight worse nor that."

He lowered his voice to a whisper.

"It will be all over the town to-morrow, and Mr. Reginald will be nailed on a charge of forgery, and—"

"How do you know all this?"

"I told you I can't explain everything just now. But you'll find it all true to-morrow, so there's no time to lose. I suppose you'd like to save the young man if you could?"

Mr. Bridoon's mind still reverted to the approaching match.

"You don't say that they'd go so far as to charge a fellow against a gentleman just to nail a forfeit? Pooh, pooh! Joe, somebody's been humbugging

you with a cock-and-bull story of warrants and forgery and the like to get our young champion out of the way. They're faking the match, depend on't, and they'll at any rate get all bets declared off if so be they can manage to call 'time' and our man is not at the scratch."

"Take Joe Paget's word for it, that he's not sold. I speak, Mr. Bridoon, from my own know, and if you know all, you'd think me a trump for running the risk I do to save the young gentleman. I've not a shilling on the match one way nor t'other, but I'd be sorry to see a magnificent fellow a getting his gruel for a thing as he never knew nothing about."

"Who charges him, and what's the charge, did you say?"

"The charge is forgery, and maybe robbery, and the prosecutor is the bank as he's employed in—it's true as I'm here, Mr. Bridoon, and the trap's set for him in the morning, which, if he once steps into, he'll not get out again in a hurry."

"Then he shan't step in, Joe; and if so be your warning's the straight tip, you shall be no loser. Won't you see the young fellow yourself? You say he knows you?"

"That'll never do, I'm bound not to answer no questions, and he'd be foolish enough to say he'll face his accusers and all that sort o' thing. But take my word, Mr. Bridoon, it'll be many a long day, if ever, before this poor young fellow clears himself if once he's nailed—he'd better out and keep out of the way, and see if it won't blow over."

"Joe, you're a trump, I know, and I'll take your word—it is safe for to-night, though?"

"I should say so; Mr. Lynx will do nothing till he has his man at the bank, and then the robbery'll come out, and Mr. Reginald's honor will be protected against him—they're able to look him up, Mr. Bridoon, and then—"

"That'll do, Joe; but I'll circumvent 'em. They'll get no dirtier from me. I'll give fair notice of postponement on account of unexpected illness, and pay a dollar for the delay. I'll go down to the magistrate's first thing in the morning."

"As you please, Mr. Bridoon, only mark my words, if Mr. Reginald's in London to-morrow morning he's a prisoner, and bail won't get him out. Lynx holds the warrant; I daren't tell you more. Good-bye, sir; give my best respects to Mr. Reginald, and say I wish him luck wherever he may go." So saying, Joe Paget buttoned up his great-coat and hurried off.

Mr. Bridoon walked upstairs to the billiard-room full of doubts as to the best course to pursue. Joe's manner was too earnest, and his anxiety too apparent, to suppose his was other than genuine information.

"And then," said Mr. Bridoon to himself, "what could he get by such an untruth? This is Tuesday night, and there are four whole days to Saturday evening in which I can test the truth."

No, Reginald must not go to the bank. Yet how should he prevent him? If he told him of the charge, and he knew himself innocent, he would certainly indignantly resolve to face it, and the mischief against which the good-natured Joe would guard him would be done, and his warning thrown away.

Mr. Bridoon was not a scrupulous man, but he certainly did not see how Reginald could be forced to submit himself upon the mere threat of a groundless charge. If, however, it could be ascertained he shown to him how terrible a plot he had escaped from, and how he had been saved from ruin by friendly violence, he would certainly forgive it and be grateful for the deliverance.

"Yes," said Mr. Bridoon, pausing on the landing before he entered the room, from which the click of billiard-balls and several voices were audible. "I must think it over and do nothing rashly. I may find something more out if I keep my own counsel."

So saying he entered the room. Reginald was already there, but he was merely a spectator of a game at pool among some neighbouring tradesmen. Mr. Bridoon had therefore ample opportunity for uninterrupted conversation.

Reginald was in remarkably good spirits, and after a while rallied Bridoon upon his unwonted seriousness and taciturnity.

"I've reason to be down," said the latter; "but it's not on my own account, far from it. But when a friend, one as our respects and more than that, stands in danger of his liberty, I'd almost said his life, I'd like to know how you'd have a man be jolly? There's been a robbery at the bank, Mr. Chesterton. Don't look scared. Yes, a robbery—and a forgery too!"

Reginald made a brief exclamation.

"And—and—it must out!—you are charged with being concerned in it, and an officer will be waiting at the bank in the morning ready to make you a prisoner and take you before the magistrate."

Reginald grew pale as death; the next moment he was crimson with passion.

"How, when, and where did you learn this infamous, this false accusation?"

"Hush! for your own sake speak lower. I don't believe a word of it of course; but we must defend ourselves against villains."

"I will be there before the doors are opened. But stay, I will go at an early hour to my father's old friend, our manager, Mr. Gilbert. He will do me justice, and—"

"What if it's out of his hands, and beyond his power to help you?"

"That cannot be."

"Don't be too sure of that. With my consent you don't put your hand into the w.M.'s mess, and then cry out when it's too late to draw it out again. Mind you, I'm not saying your friend, Mr. Gilbert, won't stand by you; but what if Mr. Lynx has got a warrant against you for felony?"

"It's impossible."

"Go you may think, but I know it's the fact. Do you suppose that you're the first innocent man that's been taken up on a wrongful suspicion? I'm your friend, Reginald, your firm and true friend, and I'd cut my right hand off before I'd play a friend false. You're in danger, and if you'll be advised by me you'll settle this night explaining the cause of your clearance, telling them of the false charges you have heard are made against you, that you can best defend yourself against them while you have your liberty, and then leave the rest to me. We shall know the worst of it in twenty-four hours, and then we can decide what to do."

"I think I shall present myself at the bank, and—"

"(His passport) looked up, as sure as you're a living man, and your character done for. There never was a man, to my knowledge, whom the magistrate said, 'left the court without a stain on his character,' that quite one-half of the public didn't say that was genuine, and that there was something in it, or he wouldn't have been taken into custody at all."

"Then you think I could best defend my character by shrinking from facing my accusers?"

"Not exactly that; but wait till you see who your accusers are, and what they charge you with, and don't throw away a chance. Trust me, my young friend, and I'll warrant we'll turn the tables on 'em. I shouldn't wonder if it's a ledge to spoil the match on Saturday after all."

"Then I'll face it."

"You must not—it may be deeper than that—Joe Paget."

"Well, what of him? He's now a confederate of that scoundrel Bowman."

"I'll go bail for his truth in this matter," said Bridoon, decidedly; "that's the very quarter you have to fear."

"I see it!" said Reginald, suddenly. "That villain, Bowman, has forged on the bank, and I am the victim!"

"Not if you don't play into his hand, and if you'll stay away for a short time, till we can turn the rights of the affair. You must not go to-morrow, or I will wash my hands of the business."

"I'll leave it to you, friend Bridoon. But, mind I reserve to myself my freedom of action so soon as I know the exact nature of the charge."

"Agreed. You shall leave here with me this very night. A drive of less than ten miles will place you in the house of a friend of mine, in an out-of-the-way place near Potter's Bar. I will be at the bank in the morning on usual business, and I will write to you under the name of my country friend. You'll be safe there from all pursuit and suspicion. Come, my young champion, pluck up your spirits. We'll beat 'em all yet, and by square play too, and when we've spoiled the rascals' dirty little game we'll have the laugh on our side, and you'll say you've found the right sort of friend in Ben Bridoon."

The departure of Bridoon and Reginald excited no observation among the company, and by ten o'clock Reginald was greeted with a hearty welcome and was taking a cheerful glass with a horse-breeding friend of Bridoon's at his comfortable little stud-farm near Potter's Bar.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Dark was the commotion and deep the consternation among the directors, cashiers, clerks and porters of the bank on the Wednesday morning, the last Wednesday of the year 18—, when, as he arrived, was made aware of the full particulars of the audacious robbery committed on the establishment, the numbers of the notes, and the amount of securities and cash purloined. Each of them felt as though the honour of the establishment was compromised, and his individual services enlisted in the cause of discovering the delinquent, or, rather, delin-

quests, for there could be but one opinion as to more than one person being engaged in the felonious abstraction. Of course, as it was in Mr. Chesterton's department, all were on the tip-toe of expectation for his appearance. They expected in vain, for Reginald came not, but in lieu of his personal appearance a letter, brought by hand, was found in one of the letter-boxes, at a little after ten, though how it was placed there was as much a mystery as the rest of this ingenious felony.

The reader will guess that Mr. Benjamin Bricdon himself dropped it there, while he engaged the attention of a pay clerk.

It was addressed simply "To the Manager of the M. C. Bank," and was immediately conveyed to that gentleman, who was at the moment engaged in deliberation with two of the directors.

The seal was quickly broken and Mr. Gilbert read as follows:

"To the Directors and Manager of the
"M. C. Bank, Dec. 19th, evening.

"GENTLEMEN,

"It is with deep pain, and after a hard struggle against the advice of my friend and well-wisher, that I this day absent myself from my post, instead of meeting my accusers face to face to refute the infamous charge upon which, as I understand, a warrant has been obtained for my apprehension.

"Time will show the foul conspiracy of which I am the intended victim, but as you, gentlemen, have thought fit to assume my guilt—an injury which affects me almost as deeply as the vile conspiracy itself—I shall quit the country for a short time, convinced that my liberty is indispensable to enable me to take the necessary steps for clearing my character.

You may rest assured, gentlemen, that the sole business of my life, until I can present myself again before you cleared of the crime so wrongfully fixed upon me, shall be the unravelling of this atrocious plot against my reputation and all that is dearest to me in the world.

"I remain, gentlemen,
"Your faithful and grateful servant,
"REGINALD CHESTERTON."

By that evening Mr. Bricdon had supplied himself with every item of information procurable.

First there was a printed poster, headed "FELONY," and a reward of a hundred pounds for the apprehension and detention of Reginald Chesterton, with an accurate description of his person and his ordinary dress; then an advertisement slip and head-bill containing the numbers and dates of the stolen bank-notes; also an enumeration of the acceptance, securities and documents contained in the parcels.

Then there was a hand-bill descriptive of the pretended banker's clerk who was supposed to have effected the abstraction of the contents of the parcels, and lastly an offer of a free pardon to any confederate who would give such information as should lead to the conviction of the offender and a graduated reward for the recovery of the whole or any portion of the stolen property.

"It's Blacksheep Bowman's doing, depend on it," said Bricdon; "he's a cunning scoundrel and fancies there's no one so cunning as himself, but that's where he'll lose deal. I've a clue to him, he little suspects, and I'll tell it to you, just to keep up your spirits. Joe Paget, you see, knows all about this business, else how should he give me the office for you to cut and run before anybody had even heard of the robbery? It's clear to me that it was Joe who got the parcels at the station and rung the changes. No, Joe's a sharp chap in some things, but not up to that sort of business by a long way. But he's keen in it, somehow, and if I can only find him my game's clear."

"But do you think," asked Reginald, "that this place, so near to London, will be safe from Lynx and the detectives?"

"That's the very thing that I've been thinking over. I should say, for a short time, it is the very safest you can find. They'll not look for you near while they are sure, in their own minds, that you bolted slick off to the continent to avoid arrest. Even Lynx believed your letter, for he left London for Dover this forenoon and will be at Calais this night, on your track as he supposes. Now, this is my plan: he won't return till Sunday or Monday next, meantime you may lie here safe and snug. When he comes back you shall go, under a false name, to Holland, where you won't want a passport. I'll keep you posted up in how things go on by means of a little secret writing that will read as if it was about horses and cattle dealing. It will amuse your spare time here to learn the key—here it is."

And Mr. Bricdon handed a small MS book to Reginald.

After some farther conversation Mr. Bricdon left, walking over to an inn on the road to Ruffell, where he had left his fast mare and trap, so as to toll any attempts to trace his place of visit.

Reginald endured the next few days of enforced seclusion as he best might, his suspense being positive torture, from the absence of any information as to affairs in London, where Mr. Bricdon's inquiries and searches were utterly fruitless. Joe Paget's change of name to Nightingale and his employment on the railway completely baffled pursuit; while all traces of Mr. Bowman were also lost, as that individual happened to be at that very time honouring the town of Dover with a visit, for the purpose of personally inspecting the landing jetty, the boats, the packages, and the method of transferring from boat to rail the special consignments of bullion and specie for the metropolis.

These unfortunate contrivances seemed to render all his inquiries abortive, and when, on Saturday evening, after ostentatiously taking a ticket at St. Pancras for Mr. Alban's and return, he slyly slipped out at Harriet and made his way in the dark to Reginald's hiding-place, he had no good news to communicate. The only item of intelligence was that Mr. Lynx had returned, as he had ascertained, that day from France, convinced that Reginald had not crossed the Channel, and with the determination of searching him if he yet lurked in or near the metropolis.

Mr. Bricdon therefore brought a few things, which he said were the best outfit for such a journey as he proposed to Reginald Chesterton.

His plan was that Reginald, disguised in a stout suit of farmer's clothing, a frieze coat, drab box-cloth trousers and gaiters, and a mouth-bag of country-made felt, with a market-book and pocket-book, each with prepared entries from Howden horse fair, should travel from Bishop's Stortford, by the Eastern Counties Rail, through to Harwich. There he should take boat for Flushing or Antwerp, and there, avoiding the line of English tourists to Malines, Brussels, Waterloo, etc., strike off into Holland.

Reginald approved of the scheme, which was dictated by Mr. Bricdon's horse-dealing experiences in Holland and Flanders.

Accordingly, on the Monday following, Bricdon having furnished him with change for all his notes, so as to avoid tracing him by those means, Mr. Richard Chillingworth, grazer and horse-dealer, of Horncastle (at least so he was described in a card nailed on a hair trunk, and a parchment label fastened to his portmanteau), threw his luggage into the van of an Eastern Counties train at Bishop Stortford, and received, in answer to his inquiries, full instructions as to the changes of train requisite to convey him to Harwich, en route for the Netherlands.

It may be as well to remark that Reginald's new names were chosen with an eye to avoid any discrepancy being detected between any marks on linen or underclothing and the initials on the outside of Mr. Chillingworth's packages.

Here for awhile we must leave this magnified young man flying from his country, his home, and his best friends, a lamentable example of the facility with which bad company, self-indulgence, and gaming lead to ruin the young and imprudent, even without that moral torpidity which the world habitually imputes to those who thus sacrifice character and honour at the Moloch shrine of Play.

The scene changes to the library of Sir Robert Percival at Broadmoor Grange. This, for the few and infrequent cases of magisterial business in that small community, was the justice-room for the vicinity, the petty sessions for licensing and the like being held at Smethwick. On the morning it presented an unusual scene of bustle.

In the chair of justice, as a J.P. and deputy-lieutenant, sat Sir Robert himself, with an air of pained anxiety on his otherwise placid countenance. Hard by were Dr. Sherlock and his son William, and near to his father stood Pennington Percival, with several of the principal domestics of the Grange, and an inspector of the county police.

At the foot of the table appeared the impassive Mr. Lynx, and on it lay the dreadful placard of which we have already spoken, which, headed "FELONY" and "Abandoned," gave the description of Reginald Chesterton, and announced, in staring type, the "one hundred pounds reward" payable on the capture of the offender.

Dismissed, mingled with incredulity, appeared on the countenances of most of the group.

"And you wish, officer, that I should lend my utmost assistance to the capture of the offender, who, you feel convinced, is still in this country, and whom you say you have reason to suspect is concealed in this neighbourhood? Of course I shall give every aid in my power, as it is my duty to further the ends of justice, yet I cannot help thinking that a warrant to search the Cedars is not only unnecessary but cruel. I will answer for it that Mr. Ralph Chesterton would not screen his son one hour from the just

consequences of his crime, if crime he has committed. Does Mr. Chesterton know of this dreadful business, officer?"

"I do not believe he does."

"Then I would suggest, as a good object could be gained by its abrupt communication, that he should not be informed of it by you. Captain Sherlock, will you accompany your father, taking with you this bill, and break in the best way you can, the heart-breaking tidings?"

We may here forestall this proposed visit by stating the fact that Ralph Chesterton was already fully informed of the dreadful truth by the arrival of his cousin, Bobby Frankland, who had hastened to the Cedars, and had taken, as he thought, sufficient precautions to prevent its becoming known to his affianced bride, Cecile.

Captain Sherlock, however, sought further information, and he set out on his painful mission.

"Did you not say, officer," interposed he, "that Mr. Reginald Chesterton had addressed a letter to the directors of the bank announcing his departure for the Continent, and asserting that he was the victim of an atrocious conspiracy?"

"I did, and have a copy of it with me," replied Mr. Lynx; "but observe, sir, the first is a falsehood, for he has not crossed the Channel, and therefore the second need not be much relied on. It is no more than a plea of 'not guilty' before trial. He's lurking hereabouts, sir, you may depend on it."

"My life upon it, he is not!" exclaimed William Sherlock, energetically. "And, on my honour, I feel convinced, Sir Robert, that he is, as he says, the victim of a vile conspiracy. Might I see the copy of his letter?"

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Lynx, politely.

William Sherlock scanned it carefully.

"There is another who will not lose an hour in unravelling this wicked plot," said the young officer. "I will, my dear father, with your permission, ask an extension of leave from the Admiralty. Did you say," added he, turning to Mr. Lynx, "that the stolen notes would be taken at once to the Continent, and changed or put into circulation there?"

Mr. Lynx nodded assent.

"Then I will myself accompany my proposed trip to Paris, and devote from its course as circumstances may dictate. Dear father, the honour and the life of one of our oldest friends, Reginald's father, and that of the best of women, his sister, Miss Percival's second self, are involved in the clearing up of this dark crime. I shall leave for London to-night."

"Very sorry, Sir Robert, to intrude unpleasantly, but all this don't forward my business one single step. I want your aid and that of your servants and gamekeepers, who know the neighbourhood, and I wish them to earn a share of the reward offered for the apprehension of Reginald Chesterton. I don't wish to perform an unpleasant duty in an unpleasant manner, and as I now have reasons to suppose the young man has not resorted to his father's house for concealment, why, I'll leave that unsearched. Meantime I'll thank you, Sir Robert, to circulate among your people the particulars I have furnished you with, while I pursue my inquiries in my own way. I don't know I'm saying to add, Sir Robert, as I will wish you and all these gentlemen good morning."

So saying, Mr. Lynx gathered up his papers, and bowed himself out of the justice room.

A long and earnest conversation followed, in which Percival Pennington and Dr. Sherlock himself warmly espoused the theory of Reginald's innocence; though all seemed unfavourably impressed, except William Sherlock, with the fact of his protracted flight. The young officer, however, adhered firmly to his opinion, and, despite a slight attempt at argument and discussion got up by Sir Robert, carried out his avowed intention of going up to London, by leaving Broadmoor that afternoon, and the next day, after an interview with Mr. Gilbert and with the traffic-manager and booking-clerk and officials at the railway terminus, William Sherlock was about to take a ticket for Dover by the day express when a remarkable incident interrupted his intended journey.

There was an auditor of the gallant naval officer's inquiries, and the conversation which followed thereon, who was little dreamt of as having any interest therein.

This was Joseph Nightingale, the guard of the Dover train, alias our old acquaintance Joe Paget.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the guard, touching his cap respectfully as he followed Captain Sherlock out of the office, "beg your pardon, but I don't think you're on the right track for the unfortunate gentleman you was inquiring after. I happen to know him well by sight, and I don't think he's been over this line at all."

"What line should you then suggest, my good fellow?" asked Captain Sherlock, with surprise.

"Newhaven and Dieppe, Harwich and Antwerp; one Brighton, 't'other Eastern Counties," replied Joe, briefly and in a positive tone.

William Sherlock paused at the entrance of the ticket office. He hesitated a moment.

"Then you think," said he, "that a journey to Paris would have no success?"

"I'm afraid not," said Joe, earnestly.

His better nature prompted him, and at that moment he felt that if Ephraim Ferrett got the reward of his villany, without any direct breach of thieves' honour on his part, he had rather be did so than the guileless Reginald Chesterton should suffer the penalty of the law. He equivocated, too, with his conscience; better and greater men have done the same.

He thought of Israel Fagin, whom he heartily hated and despised, of his method of getting rid of notes, and he argued that it would not be his fault if, acting on his hints, the brave young fellow before him should get hold of the rascally receiver's ill-gotten money. It would be some satisfaction to see such an old villain trounced, thought Joe.

"Excuse me, sir," he resumed, "but we guards see and hear a good deal. Now, this is a case of stolen banknotes, and they'll be very likely—mind I don't say more than very likely—to go to Holland to be changed. They mostly do go there. Mind me, sir, I mean the notes, for depend on't Mr. Reginald Chesterton knows no more about them than you or I do."

William Sherlock was pleased with the man's earnest manner. He impulsively, forgetting regulations, took a gold coin from his pocket and endeavoured to transfer it to the palm of the official.

Joe saw the movement and checked it peremptorily.

"No, sir, not a farthing, even if it wasn't against our regulations. Not a shilling for only doing my duty, sir. I only wish you may have good luck in your search. Good day, sir."

And Joe ran off to his van, now nearly loaded, with that "feeling of intense satisfaction" which Byron says "is felt by men who've done a virtuous action."

Captain Sherlock acted on Joe's advice. He passed out of the station, hailed a cab, and in half an hour had reached the Shoreditch, or principal, terminus of the Eastern Counties Rail, another of the structures already numbered with the past, its place being supplied by, and its business transferred to, the new and palatial edifice in Liverpool Street.

(To be continued.)

THINKING OF MARRIAGE.

WHEN a young girl reaches the age of fifteen or sixteen years she begins to think of the mysterious subject of matrimony, a state the delights of which her youthful imagination shadows forth in the most captivating forms. It is made the topic of light and incidental discourses among her companions, and it is brought upon the tapis. When she grows a little older she ceases to smatter about matrimony, and thinks intently on the all-important subject. It engrosses her thoughts continually; she pictures to herself the felicity of being wedded to the youth for whom she cherishes a secret but consuming flame. She surveys herself in the mirror, and as it generally tells a "flattering story" she turns from it with a pleasing conviction that her beauty will enable her to conquer the heart of the most obdurate, and that whosoever else may die in a state of "single blessedness," she is destined to become one many years roll by a happy bride.

From the age of eighteen to twenty is "the very witching time of female life." During that period the female heart is more susceptible of tender influences of love than at any other; and we appeal to our fair readers to say whether, if inclination alone was consulted in the business, more marriages would not take place during that ticklish season than in any by which it is preceded or followed. It is the grand climacteric of love, and she who passes it without entering into a state of matrimony may chance to pass several years of her life ere she is caught in the meshes of Hy-men.

The truth is, that the majority of women begin to be more thoughtful when they have turned the age of twenty. The giddiness of the girl gives way to the sobriety of woman. Frivolity is succeeded by reflection, and reason reigns where previously passion held undisputed sway. The cares and anxieties of life press themselves more, probably. They tend to weaken the effect of sanguine anticipation of unmingled felicity in the marriage state which the mind had formed in its youthful day dreams.

PEN, INK AND PAPER.—How sadly these three invaluable articles are sometimes misused. What

arrant fools men and women occasionally make of themselves by rashly committing to black and white the promptings of their passions and prejudices. If there is anything in the world that should not be done hastily—it imperatively demands a sober second thought—it is letter-writing. Indiscreet epistles, like curses, are very apt to come home to roost, and the flutterings they create in domestic dove-cots are in some cases terrific. One would suppose that the exposures of impulsive correspondence which from time to time take place in our courts of law would teach both sexes to be cautious in their written communication. Not a bit of it. The wisest heads have their soft places, and philosophers, discoverers, statesmen, and what not, often sing remarkably small in their off-hand scribbles not intended for the public eye. Your intellectual lion, under the influence of the tender passion, not unfrequently becomes as "apony" as a sucking-dove, and the love-letters of great men differ but little, as a general rule, from those of common simpletons. Such revelations of the "inner life" of those whom the world has delighted to honour are painful. They almost tempt one to believe that the lights of philosophy and art and literature are by nature as weak and foolish as the rest of us, and that their public rôle is only a "borrowed part." Let all impulsive people beware of pen-and-ink garrulity.

THE GREEN BOTTLE.

"I BELIEVE I'll have a glass of something comfortable," said Tom Barnaby.

Tom Barnaby was not a member of any temperance society whatever, and had no dislike to the taste of liquor. Not that he was a drinking man. Oh, dear, no! He never was intoxicated in his life; never even slightly overcome by liquor. But still—well, still every now and then a nice glass of something comfortable struck Tom in a pleasant light, and he generally took it when it did.

To-night it was cold and chilly and gloomy, and the wind rattled the shutters, and crooned down the chimney, and made a banshee of itself along the street; and Tom, who was not very fond of reading, could not lose himself in book or magazine, and there was no one to talk to, and the resolution above recorded seemed to be the most natural thing in the world.

"A glass of something comfortable," said Tom, "and a biscuit, and then I'll turn in."

Then Tom went to the closet to look for a vessel in which to bring the necessary liquor for the comfortable something from the corner house, and spied on an upper shelf a green bottle, with a fat body and a long neck, which had nothing in it, and smelt of nothing, and he set it upon the table, while he stirred the fire and put the kettle on, that everything might be ready on his return.

Mrs. Tom was absent from home, and Tom was keeping house for himself. He was on his knees before the stove, raking it, when he heard a groan. It was a faint, far-away, sounding groan; but it had such a ghostly sound that he started.

"What's that?" he cried; and something answered:

"Only me."

And jumping to his feet, Tom Barnaby stood staring about; for there was nothing in the room that ought to have had a voice but himself—not even a kitten or a canary bird.

"Who is me?" cried Tom.

"Tom ought to know," said the voice.

And this time Tom saw it came from the green bottle.

"Hanged if it isn't in the bottle!" said Tom. "Is it spirits, or what?"

And the bottle answered:

"Yes, worse luck. It is spirits. Bad spirits too. Gin, rum, and brandy—whiskey and alcohol!"

"Oh, that kind!" said Tom.

"Yes," said the bottle. "Five fiends. I've been possessed by them all. For years and years they led me such a life that I wished I was smashed—years and years until your wife got me and put blessed vinegar in me. Nice, sharp, respectable vinegar, that never did worse than give some poor cabbage-eater the colic. And I thought I should end my days a decent vinegar bottle and here I am—going to have one of the fiends back, I know. Oh, what did that dear woman go away for? Why did she go?"

Tom, who had grown used to the phenomenon of a talking bottle, and did not mind it at all by this time, nodded his head sagely.

"Right there," he said. "It's exceedingly uncomfortable to have a wife away, but you are very foolish to talk as you do. What harm is there in a moderate drink? All you'd hold wouldn't

harm a fly. You've been listening to some tall-tallers."

"I haven't been listening to anybody," said the bottle. "I've formed my own conclusions. There was a time when I thought as you do. It was when I was a bran new bottle, with a gilt label, 'Best Hollands,' on me, and my owner took me out of my case and handed me over to Jack Barker, who had just finished painting his house."

"Here, Jack," says he, 'this will help you keep Christmas.'

"Thank ye," said Jack; and off I went under his arm."

"And there, in a bright little room, with a pretty wife and a nice old grandfather, and two cunning little babies looking on, he opened me."

"What a nice smell!" said she—the pretty wife."

"And then he made some stuff with lemon and sugar, and they all drank some; and the babies looked at the light shining through my green sides and the gilt label on me. And the old grandfather said the drink had gone to his head, and he should have to be carried upstairs, and they all laughed at that because it was such a good joke."

"I liked myself then, and what was in me."

"Before I was empty the first time I felt pleased to be such a favourite as I was."

"Ah, dear, I was filled up again and again and again; and after a while I began to see things changing about me. The wife's face was not so bright; the old grandfather never laughed; the babies' toes were out; and one day Jack staggered in, took me up, drank the last drop from me, and tumbled into a chair. The wife began to cry."

"Oh, Jack!" says she. "Oh, Jack! how I hate that dreadful bottle! We were so happy before it came into the house!"

"She blamed me, but I knew it was the evil spirit in me that she meant."

"You've lost your place, Jack," says she. 'Everything has changed. You don't love me any more. You don't care for the children. It's all that bottle.'"

"But Jack was too tipsy to care what she said. He staggered over to the table, took me by the neck, and carried me to a public-house. There they put another fiend into me. That one drove the furniture out of the house, and bit by bit it was pawned."

"Then they left the house itself and were in an attic somewhere. She took in washing; some of the money she earned went for more evil spirits to fill me."

"Didn't I loathe myself? One night I sat on the table and saw the old grandfather lying dead and Jack intoxicated on the floor at the foot of the bed. Didn't I loathe myself? I tried to topple off, but I couldn't manage it. If ever bottle did desire to smash itself I did. But it was no use. Happy bottles, beautiful cut-glass cologne bottles, innocent water bottles have been broken when they most desired to last, no doubt—but I, who had become a dwelling-place for fiends, I lasted."

"They carried the old grandfather away, and his poor daughter got a black dress somehow. One night Jack went sneaking out of the house with a bundle under one arm and me under the other. The bundle was his wife's mourning dress for her father. He took it to a pawnshop and pawned it for enough to fill me twice. The poor little woman never had a decent dress again."

"She was in rags. She was hungry. I've seen Jack clutch her hand and wrench the money she'd earned for her children's bread from it and then go off with me. Think of it! I had to aid and abet him and hear her say things about me that were very natural, seeing she did not see how I hated the fiends that lived in me but that were hard to bear. But he fell downstairs with me in his pocket and broke his head but didn't break me. He hit me against things to their injury, not mine. I must have a guardian fiend. I lasted so."

"One day—it was such a bitter day, ice and snow and sleet everywhere—just five years from the Christmas I'd been made a present to Jack, he stood, ragged and dirty, at a bar, with me in his pocket—my neck sticking out. Up came the proprietor."

"Now, Jack Barker," says he, 'why don't you go home?'

"He was ashamed to have him there, you see, a ragged creature with his toes out, and a black eye and a broken nose. He used to be called Handsome Jack Barker before he took to filling me. Think of that."

"Now he looked up with a miserable abject whine."

"Go home with an empty bottle on a Christmas Eve!" says he. 'You didn't use to say go home when I came here with full pockets, Mr. Jones.'

"Well, no, I didn't," said the man; "and it would have been better if I had. I'll fill your bottle for you, Jack Barker."

"He filled it—goodness knows with what—and the poor man staggered home. Oh, the dirty attilo—the miserable straw bed in the corner; the wife lying ill upon it. I remember them so well."

"She was very ill, and there was a little baby beside her. Just think of another baby there."

"Happy Christmas!" said he, as he staggered in.

"Happy Christmas, old gal!"

"Happy!" said she. "Oh, this dreadful day! That bottle came to us first on Christmas."

"It takes so little to put an intoxicated man in a rage. He answered her with an oath."

"Anybody would think I was drunk to hear you talk," said he. And the poor woman answered:

"Oh, good Heaven! are you ever sober? Oh, Jack! Jack!"

"And then he flew at her. He took me by the neck and beat her over the head with it. The cork fell out, and the liquor poured over her breast and over the face of the little baby lying upon it. It mingled with her blood."

"At first she screamed. Then she lay still. Her face grew white. I knew I was a murderer. 'Oh, let me break!' I cried. 'Let me be broken into fragments!'"

"But her fair flesh was mashed to pulp; her delicate bones broken; and I was sound as ever; when Jack, led by Heaven knows what mad fancy, left his victim and staggered into the street again."

"The snow was falling. The air was white with it. He staggered along, muttering to himself. At last he came to a wharf, and stumbled across it. I believe a boat lay there on which he had been once before, and where they had given him drink."

"Sea-Bird," ahoy! cried he. "Hullo! hullo!"

"Sea-Bird," ahoy!

"Nobody answered him."

"I'm coming aboard," he muttered—"I'm coming aboard. I shan't stay at home to be preached to. I'm my own master."

"Then he took one step more. Splash—crash! He was through the thin ice, under the water."

"Thank Heaven," said I, "my miserable career is ended."

"Then I turned cold as ice myself, and there was a roaring in my neck."

"Next thing I knew it was broad daylight, and I was floating on the water."

"There's a bottle," said some one. It was a bare-legged boy. He stooped over the side of a boat, and caught me."

"There was a man drowned here last night," said he to another boy at his side.

"Did you see him?" said this one.

"Yes," said the first. "He was drunk, and killed his wife. They've got an inquest on her over there. I say, I'm going to sell this bottle to Bill, the marine store man."

"So I was saved, and, much against my will, stood in the marine store window for a week. The water had washed the blood off me. I had no smell of liquor left, and along comes your wife."

"What a nice flat bottle!" says she—"just what I want. How much for it?"

"And Billy charged her twopence, and home she brought me."

"My career of vice has begun again," said I. "And I expect nothing else; but, bless the dear soul, she put vinegar in me—nice, sour, innocent, respectable vinegar—and I've been a good, reformed bottle ever since. And now you—you—her husband, are going to put the fiendish spirits into me again. For Heaven's sake, break me first. I don't want to destroy another household."

"You shan't," said Tom Barnaby. "Here you go back on your shelf. I leave you to innocence and vinegar; and I think I'll make a cup of strong coffee."

"Right," said the bottle.

And so the bottle stands still beside the crucet, on Mrs. Barnaby's dresser; and Tom Barnaby is still a sober man.

M. K. D.

GIRLS IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

PEOPLE of a certain rank are supposed to be able to take care of the health and education of their own children. But experience shows this to be an entirely false supposition. Disregard of the laws of health is not confined to those who live in cottages, and the fact that a girl has had a governess for ten years does not prove that she is well educated. One mother from ignorance will fall in having her daughters properly taught, whilst another will consider an expert French maid a person of much more importance than her nursery governess, and will pay her

ungrudgingly a much higher salary. We want an Elizabeth Fry to inspect the schoolroom prisons, and take up the cause of our little English girls, who only confide their troubles to sympathising old nurses or to half-incredulous schoolboy brothers.

The uncomplaining endurance of nice children brought up in large families is something very remarkable. "Telling tales" they think an unpardonable crime. They are therefore usually silent about a great deal that goes on in the nursery which their parents would disapprove were they aware of it. They take as a matter of course any ill-temper, deceit, or injustice of which their governesses may be guilty in the schoolroom. At least they generally do so, and will keep quiet unless roused by seeing a little brother or sister bullied. They then tell tales in their righteous indignation, and their parents perhaps discover that the governess who was so highly recommended to them as a universal genius is entirely unfit to have the care of children. They discharge her, and as likely as not get some one quite as unfit for her post.

MAB'S EYES.

Man's eyes did it all.

In the first place I fell in love with them. That is not strange, for they were blue and bright as a rain-washed sky.

I had been called to Roseville on business. I have no hesitancy in pronouncing Roseville the prettiest place in the world, for everybody has a rose-garden. Moreover, wild roses bloom all along the roadside, and some species of rose-creeper climbs the rough bark of the outstanding trees, and hangs clusters of odorous blossoms from the swaying boughs. The houses are all respectable country houses, the people all comfortable. I don't believe there is a beggar or a cripple in the town. And into this modern Eden, a mile from the railroad station, I walked one day.

It was June, and all the air was fragrant. The swallows were flitting about, and the robins were singing on the stone walls. Some late apple trees were in blossom, and everybody's doors and windows were open to let in the scents, and sounds, and sights of early summer.

Suddenly a carriage, driven by a boy, came round the corner of a road. At the same moment a little Blenheim poodle, white as wool, rushed from a yard, and precipitated himself under its wheels. I heard a sharp scream, saw a distracted blue cambric wrapper rushing after, and threw myself, all on the impulse of the instant, into the melee. To seize the bits of the horses and raise the shivering and whining animal from the dust was but the work of a moment. As I bore it toward the house, Mab, in Mab's blue cambric wrapper with Mab's eyes, met me.

"Oh, thank you! thank you a thousand times; Oh, sir, do you think he is killed?"

As the dog, at that moment, gave a sharp yelp, I ventured to proclaim that he was probably not killed.

"My darling! My dear, dear little Snow!" she murmured, taking the dusty and dismal little animal into the lovely shelter of her bosom. As she was turning away I experienced a sudden brilliant thought:

"Does not Miss Flint live here?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mab, pausing with her closely-clasped burden.

"I was about to call on Miss Flint," I said, most falsely.

Then Mab looked at me again, and I am free to confess that never before or since saw I such lovely eyes.

"Walk in, if you please," said she, "and I will speak to aunty."

I congratulated myself on having discovered so much—that she was Miss Flint's niece. But I was quite desperate for an errand. Miss Flint appeared.

"Miss Flint," said I, rising and bowing, "I have lately heard that your brother-in-law, Mr. Melchior of Mapleton, is very ill. As I was in your vicinity I thought I would call and tell you, thinking perhaps that you had not heard of it."

"A relapse?" she inquired, anxiously.

"No—no—not that I am aware of."

"My brother was very ill some six weeks ago, but I heard yesterday that he was entirely convalescent."

"Ah, well! hearing the report so lately, I supposed his illness of recent date," I replied. "Miss Flint will give me credit for good intentions."

"Certainly. You look warm, sir. Will you not take some refreshment?"

Miss Flint offered me ice water and lemonade. I partook freely. I lingered half an hour, of talking

everything under the sun, but was at length forced to depart without seeing Mab again.

My home was at Irving, the town adjoining Roseville. I returned there that night, but could not forget those eyes.

Henceforth I haunted every public gathering every party and picnic of the neighbourhood, but failed utterly to see or hear of Mab. For I had discovered her name, Mab Merle, of Miss Flint, who had casually mentioned her.

As time passed my hopes were subjected to repeated disappointment. I dreamed of Mab's eyes and cared for nobody else's eyes. My sisters said I sulked and the younger female portion of our community pronounced me a bear.

The summer passed and fall came. I had plenty to do, for I had a farm of my own, and autumn is a busy season with farmers.

A livery stable keeper in the city had engaged some hay of me. My man, Sam, was ill, and not being too proud to take a load of hay to town myself, I started.

It was a day's trip. The sun began to set as I was on my way home. The birds hushed their twitterings in the trees and the air blew cool and laden with dew. Gradually the beams of the moon gave a soft, delusive light to the scene and the horses settled into a quiet walk.

As we were thus leisurely proceeding, a horse and light buggy whirled out of a cross-road, and suddenly the two teams collided. I felt a jerk and crash. I heard a scream. My horses stopped. I jumped to the ground and enabled the driver of the buggy to stop her startled horse, for the driver was a young lady.

"Oh, sir," she cried, tearfully, "what have I done?"

I helped her to the ground, unlocked her wheel from mine, and saw that the tire and three of the felloes of her wheel were broken.

"How did it happen?" asked I.

"I didn't see you," said she.

"Didn't see a hay-rack and two horses?" exclaimed I.

"No," she sobbed; "I am so near-sighted."

Just then the faint light shone on her face, and I recognized Mab.

"May I inquire where you are going?" said I, gravely.

"I was going home," answered she, full of engaging distress. "I was driving fast because I thought my aunt would be anxious about me. I never thought of meeting any one on this lonely road."

"Well, you will have to go to Irving and stay all night. I will take you to my mother's house, and send word to your aunt to-night of what has happened. Do you think you can ride half a mile on a hay-rack?"

I unhitched her horse, and tied him behind my team, pulled the broken buggy to one side of the road, and then lifted Mab into the hay-rack. I was obliged to put one arm round her to keep her steady, when I started the horses, while she clung to my wrist with one little hand, and thus we went very happily to Irving.

Need I say that I did not lose so good an opportunity of making love to the owner of those beautiful eyes that had cost me so much anxiety?

We had a long evening before us, too, after my mother had welcomed Mab, and I had sent a messenger, on horseback, to Miss Flint. The moon shone, the nightingales sang; the flowers shed their fragrance just for us as we sat in the little porch. I wasn't the sort of fellow to half do things either, and before Mab left Irving she had promised to be my wife.

And to-day Mrs. Mab will tell you also that her eyes did it all.

F. H. R.

LOVE.

It is often asserted that love is only the offspring of passion, having its foundation in the baser characteristics of human nature. He or she who has no higher conception of this divine principle can never be elevated by it to that condition in life which it was designed by an all-wise Providence to establish. Cynics may sneer at it as they will—they may regard it in whatever light they please; yet, there is a sublimity about it—a grandeur and beauty which convert a desert of brambles into a parterre of fragrant flowers and transform a heart of selfishness into one of feeling and tenderness.

Instances are numerous in which Love's mollifying powers have saved the objects of its regards from ruin, infamy and destruction. It has been displayed in all the walks and trials of life. Its soft breath has swept over the brow of the broken-hearted—its gentle voice has whispered words of endearment

into the ear of the life-wearied; and, as if by a touch of some mysterious agency, the heart becomes healed, and the world receives new charms and attractions.

What is it that prompts the youth when he goes out from the paternal roof, buoyant with hope, ambition, and energy, to battle with the world? What is it that gives a glow to all his bright anticipations, his visions, his dreams? What is it that serves his arm in the busy conflict of his daily routine of business and toil? What is it that gives light to his eye, elasticity to his step, and a boldness to his heart? There is something twining itself around his being—a something that sends the current of ambition manning to his brow—a something that even he, in his inexperience, cannot fully comprehend. Yet to him it is something very pleasant to dwell upon—it gives him delightful reflections, and messages the rough encounters he meets with through the day. Dost thou proposition as we may, the principle that actuates the youth—is Love. Through all his visions he sees a pair of soft, tender and confiding eyes, such as he never saw before; a sweet face, one that in his estimation no other face can rival; a sylph-like form, one more angelic in loveliness than he ever before had seen; he hears, too, a deeper and more musical voice than ever had sounded in his ears; and the possessor of all these rare attractions he looks upon as his own, a being with whom his future destiny is to be joined.

To the pure in heart this principle of love is the beacon star of existence. Oh, how often it shines into the soul of one who is just ready to sink into despair! How often it penetrates prison dungeons, and sheds the blessed light of hope into the heart of the condemned! The warrior on the field of battle wields the sword with renewed vigour and potency when he feels that a loved one prays for him at home; the mariner on the boisterous sea braves the storms and billows with greater zeal when he knows that his manly efforts are appreciated and he himself is respected by a dear one on shore. Every trial and burden of life is born with pleasure when loved ones cheer and encourage him. Ah, say not then, that there is no such thing as love. Cold and unprincipled is that heart where it is not found; and loss to all sense of honour, purity, and dignity is that individual who scoffs at and condemns it. Love, therefore, is the guiding principle of our nature—the deity that rules us—that shapes our course for good when we obey its divine mandates, but makes us miserable when our hearts are shut against its influence.

When love is master of the situation, and our actions are controlled by its gentle teaching, all our days are pleasant, full of hope, ambition and energy. It reveals itself in all things signally calculated to advance our happiness; and they who mock at it only betray their own grovelling passions. Its principles are always the same—its power is felt in the lover, the husband, and the mother, prompting to deeds of humanity, heroism and daring. It assumes various forms, but always has one settled purpose, one object to accomplish, and that purpose is to better our condition, and save us from injury, whatever danger may threaten.

SELF-MADE MEN.

WHEN we glance at the long list of characters who have made themselves by their own exertions to eminence, it would seem as though there were certain enabling qualities to produce such a sort of privation and poverty is requisite. Without any elaborate research, let us call up from memory the names and antecedents of such men as illustrate the remark we have just made. Andersen, the popular Danish poet, lately deceased, was the son of a poor shoemaker, and came near starving to death. His works have been printed in fifteen different languages! Béranger, the lyric poet of France, was in youth a street beggar. Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith's apprentice. Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, was born of Irish emigrants. Carleton, the Irish novelist, was the son of a peasant, and begged his way to knowledge. Henry Clay was an humble clerk in a local court in Virginia. Rafael Carrara, President of the Republic of Guatemala, began his life as a drummer-boy. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was born in poverty and want. Dumas, the great French novelist and dramatist, was the son of a planter and a negress, and was in a starving condition in Paris till he worked his way to success. Daniel Webster, the great American statesman, was a poor farmer's son.

Faraday, the chemist and naturalist, was a book-binder by trade. Horace Mann, the eminent educationist, was born in poverty. Herring, the remarkable painter, began the profession of art by painting signboards. Jasmin, the Burns of the south

of France, was the son of a tailor, and the grandson of a street beggar. Dickens, in his youth, was a newspaper reporter. Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, was a soap-boiler and tallow chandler in early life. Horace Greeley was a printer's boy, but rose to the front rank of journalism, and was a candidate for the Presidency. Minie, the inventor of the well-known rifle, was a private soldier. John Jacob Astor, who died worth over four millions sterling, began life as a mechanic. Sir Richard Arkwright, the famous inventor, was a barber's apprentice. Robert Owen, the philanthropist, was shop-boy to a grocer. Stephen Girard, who did so much for Philadelphia, commenced life as a cabin-boy in a coasting schooner. Stanfield, the distinguished landscape painter, was a common foremast hand aboard ship. Charles Lamb was a charity scholar.

John Bunyan, the famous author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was a tinker. Thiers, the well-known historian and French minister, was a charity scholar, and afterward a printer's boy. Burns, the poet, was a ploughman. Thomas Wright, the Manchester philanthropist, worked in an iron foundry for forty years. John Bright, the orator and statesman, was a cotton spinner. Nathaniel Greene, the distinguished American general, was a blacksmith. William Lloyd Garrison, the philanthropist, was brought up to the cabinet-maker's trade. Johannes Kegeles, the leader of the German Catholic movement, was a poor shepherd boy. Frederick Douglass, the distinguished American orator and writer, was a Southern slave. Thomas Hood, the famous humourist and author, was an engraver by trade. John Boddy, the American traveller, was once a common sailor. Ebenezer Elford, the poet, was an iron-founder. De Foe, the popular author of *Robinson Crusoe*, was a butcher's boy. Marshal Ney, Duke of Elchingen, one of Napoleon's most famous generals, was by trade a cooper.

John C. Calhoun, the eminent American statesman, was the son of an Irish emigrant. Christopher Columbus was a poor Italian sailor boy, but afterward the discoverer of a continent. Daguerre, whose name has been rendered famous by the discovery of the daguerotype process, was a poor theatrical scene painter. Captain Cook, the famous navigator, was a common sailor in early life. Douglas Jerrold, the great wit, author, and playwright, was a compositor in a London printing office.

And so we might go on multiplying interesting examples of a similar character. Is there not encouragement in these facts—encouragement for the poor and down-hearted, and also a rebuke for those who constantly harp upon the wrongs of the humble, and the impassable barriers between high and low? Each man is the architect of his own fortune; and success is ever conquered by the brave and persevering. Though "fortune brings in some boats that are not steered," still, as a rule, the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.

THE USURER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE truth was, being out of cash was no very pleasing predicament with our hero on his return to his native place. Therefore, while casting about in his mind the most feasible means whereby to gain an interview with his uncle, he hit upon that of his fatherly regard for the little innocent he had abandoned from its birth as the most plausible he could compass.

He was coolly resolved by his uncle, in silence and tears by Constance, who drew her fluttering breath rapidly, albeit with assumed calmness, as she raised her beautiful boy from the cradle and held him up to receive his father's first kiss.

And now, for a time, that father's wandering fancy seemed to yield to better, purer influences. His uncle had made it a condition of receiving him into his house or doing anything for him that he should devote himself to some profession; so he decided in favour of the study of medicine; and for a time was regular in his attendance upon lectures, appearing to take much interest in them, and, on the whole, seemed to yield to better and more impulses.

But soon novelty lost its charm, and his solid propensities, too weak and vicious to long retain a virtuous or domestic impression, were soon in pursuit of the mercenary endearments more congenial to his vitiated tastes. Again his professed affection waned, indifference and neglect succeeded, and Constance was again left, in unshared loneliness, to sulk as best she might her anguished memories, her dearth of hope.

Mr. Poydrass allowed her a moderate but sufficient annual allowance; when, with her little boy,

she removed to oblige her husband, who made the staid customs of his uncle's house the excuse for his late hours abroad.

"Had I a home of my own where I could invite my friends, I would not be driven to seek society elsewhere," was his cold and unfeeling reply, when Constance, with a faltering voice, and in tears, ventured to remonstrate with him on the course he was taking, as calculated to dishonour his uncle, and hazardous to his ultimate prospects.

How convince such a man that, returning like the repentant prodigal, steeped to the lips in poverty, owing to his very subsistence to his uncle's bounty, that study—application was looked for in return for all the benefits conferred?

Once removed from his uncle's house, instead of reforming, it seemed as if all restraint was thrown aside—he rarely attended lectures, lost all his former taste for clinics and the dissection-rooms—rarely ever dined or supped at home, while his wife's small allowance from his uncle barely sufficed for his gambling debts.

One morning Constance was surprised and annoyed by him proposing to invite to their home her once ardent admirer, Alfred Ingersoll. Circumstances had materially changed with the parties since Mr. Lamb had told his factotum, Dick, to "never admit that Dr. Ingersoll on any pretext whatever." He had already succeeded in building up a large and assured practice, while his then adored Constance, the still fondly worshipped of his heart, had not only lost the prospective fortune of the miser, but also the little property bequeathed by her uncle, Florida. And Lawrence, his once envied cousin Lambert, was now a bankrupt—a gambler—debased by every species of licentiousness, clouding the pure brow of his wife in shame for his misdeeds.

It might have been difficult to analyse the feelings that swayed the breasts of the three on the occasion of her husband bringing Dr. Ingersoll to his house for the first time. Lawrence brought his handsome and talented cousin to his house merely to secure a reliable source whence to borrow when hard up for the needful, and to have some legitimate excuse for swearing at his wife whenever it suited his policy to intimidate her. So that his cool brain was calm in its deductions as he narrowly noted the manner of meeting of the two he meant to victimise, drawing his inference accordingly.

While the cool brain of the master spirit of evil was at work casting up his accounts, Ingersoll, wrapt in the contemplation of a beauty almost divine, thought of Constance as he had seen her first and as he met her now, a voluntary exile, at her husband's bidding, from the home that in her destination had sheltered herself and babe, while that she now strove to render attractive was neglected for the haunts of vice and infamy.

Left in unshared solitude, while accustomed from her cradle to be loved, she to whom affection was needful as the air she breathed was left ever now alone, to stifle as best she might the affection rejected by him on whom only it might be lawfully bestowed. And then he glanced from where she sat in a low chair, holding back her wealth of silken curls, laughing at the unsuccessful attempts of the rosy boy on her knee to clutch them in his dimpled hands upraised above his own bright curls. The laugh, so sweetly musical, reminded him of other days, and turning with a sigh to where Lawrence stood with an ominous frown on his dark brow Ingersoll asked himself:

"Will her love for her husband endure? Will it rise above neglect and contempt to sue for but considerate usage before strangers, clinging to him hopeless for the sake of her child? Must that glorious creature supplicate for but the outward show of respect, to be again contemptuously cast aside? and when again abandoned will the sense of what she owes herself rise superior to all, to gild a lonely ruin? Time will show."

And it did.

For Constance, apprized by her husband of his intention to bring his cousin to spend the evening, though her yielding nature, that ever moulded itself as wax to his every whim, made no objection, yet did she wish that this trial might have been spared her. Up to this time she had defused herself with the belief that in the strict performance of every duty she had schooled her heart to bear unflinchingly a meeting with Alfred Ingersoll, without one thought, one frown, disloyal to her husband.

Dressing herself with studied plainness, she met him with a calm smile of welcome, saying, as she extended her hand:

"Dr. Ingersoll, I am unaffectedly glad to meet you again," and feeling that her husband's eye was bent searchingly upon her, she led forward her beautiful child, adding, "Laurens told me you would come, and I brought his little boy, thinking you would like to see him."

Ingersoll stooped to kiss the rosy little fellow, who, accustomed to being caressed, raised his fair face fearlessly, presenting his sweet lips to meet the proffered salute.

"They tell me the boy is like me, Alfred. What say you?" asked Lawrence, maliciously, seeing Ingersoll push back the golden, clustering curls from the white forehead of the sweet, intelligent child.

"Like you? Oh, no!" Then correcting his blunder, added, "I find him taller, more intelligent than little fellows of his age."

"And that he is tall may be accounted one point of resemblance," said Constance, wishing to put the error right, "and that he is intelligent may as easily be accounted to never having been made over to the care of a menial. Laurent's professional studies taking him necessarily much from home, Florian has been the pet and playfellow of his uncle and myself and this may be the reason that his speech is free from all the babyism that nurses teach." And still feeling Lawrence's cold, measured eye upon her, she drew the pleased little fellow to her knee, and to his childish question of whether papa's cousin "was the cousin of a 'little boy like me?'" her clear, light, silvery laugh had the effect of making both gentlemen think that her thoughts were more with the beautiful boy into whose bright eyes she looked so fondly than with either of them.

CHAPTER VIII.

The needy and wasteful Lawrence soon became Ingersoll's debtor to a considerable amount, while the doctor became a frequent visitor at his house. That Constance succeeded in ridding him as such was with a vengeance such as might be supposed to be felt by one whose delicacy sensitively shrank from being drawn into the society of one at one time loved so well.

Still, was he not her husband's relative? and was it not to oblige him (and perhaps even him from his evil associates) that she then immolated her womanly delicacy, rendering him when her husband's frequent absence left her no alternative but to be alone with him she would rather have never met?

If he came and sat by her work-table, or played with her little boy, still was he not her husband's friend whom she received by his express command? And when at last his ever-varied, ever-beguiling converse led gradually to the subject of her own neglected life, how could she, to whom affection was necessary as the breath she drew, the food of her existence, how could she reject his sympathy? Pure minded and gentle, here was not the stern discipline of the mind that dreads a lurking ill in every gleam of good, or sets a monitor upon the heart's best feelings, checking their impulses at the source, damming its warm currents up for ever.

Unlike his cousin Lawrence, he had loved Constance with all the first fresh impulses of his honest heart. He had heard that she was a neglected wife, and had read in her sunken cheek and pallid brow a confirmation of its truth. And in the fearful, averted glance and silence more eloquent than any words, with which she heard the gradual approach to the subject of her neglected life, he read, or thought he read, that he had never been forgotten.

Ingersoll had no sympathy with evil, but passion (as a sort of insanity, its illusions being often as great) under their spell Ingersoll's gloom would vanish, the clouds and cares of the day, that more than ever darkened his brow since again thrown in Constance's society, would again, under their short lived hallucination, subside into the quiet calm of perfect content.

Playing with her little boy, telling him tales, building up card houses, and whispering him to sleep, though all of a nature foreign to his usually staid and studious character, Constance was struck with surprise at his vagabondage, but while she revered the less yet did she like him the better for it.

When walking back and forth in that quiet parlour, whispering the little Florian to sleep, and secure that Mrs. Lawrence's attention was upon her needlework, generally something for her husband, he would, with a sort of desperate defiance of his conscience, continue to pace the floor with the sleeping boy's head resting on his shoulder, himself engaged in the dangerous contemplation of a beauty and gentleness that had produced upon his senses a greater intoxication than when she had been the worshipped of his young heart's idolatry, four years before.

Carefully concealing every demonstration of the conflicting passions, struggling in the Vesuvian structure within, he succeeded in repressing every outward demonstration of his feelings, while abandoning his hidden soul without a scruple to their seductions.

As a man of honour, he would have been indignant at the thought of wronging his friend, even

by a word; but his thoughts and feelings were his own, and into those his scruples did not extend. To admire, worship, his cousin's wife, could not injure him as long as the admiration was confined to his own breast. Or, again, reasoned our philosopher, could it be a crime to share in the sweet influences that rendered that pleasant home attractive? Could it be sinning to give his soul up to the sweet, pure influences, hallowing and sanctifying all within its spell, so long as the effects were hidden from all the world beside?

Or how could it even be a sinful ambition to aspire to a place in her regard, a distinction, once certainly his? How could this hope be a crime so long as no syllable of his passionate regard ever polluted her ear?

Or how could he find the contemplation dangerous, the thought evil, since they formed his very nature, his soul's life? or why deny himself the pleasure of gazing on the evil he should shun, so long as it could hurt no one but himself? No; he would bask in the charm of his present existence, enjoying it in perfect security, since Constance should herself never know; he would be most careful that no word, no syllable, should forfeit his claim to the calm and sweet regard spoken by the eye that ever beamed a kindly welcome, though her lips now no longer spoke it.

When at last she would raise her face, bent over her embroidery frame, to ask if Florian was not asleep, he would start at the sound of her voice, and smiling at his own inattention, while his cheek and brow flushed, say "Yes, I believe so;" then, casting himself, would take up a book and begin to read—careful, even in the selection of the passages he chose, to read only such extracts as might not alarm her nice sense of propriety, leaving always at an early hour, to return to his own bachelor room and his unrest, tossing uneasily on his pillow, around which swarmed many a hope and fear; while Constance, though pressing a heavy pillow too, yet slept the calm, undisturbed sleep of innocence, satisfied with her own conduct, and gazing at Heaven to turn the wandering heart of her disolute husband.

It may be supposed during all this time that Lawrence, who more than ever absented himself, was not slow in requesting loans from the doctor. Having been absent for two days, Constance, a prey to anxious fears on his account, so far laid aside her usual reserve as to ask Dr. Ingersoll, when he called, if he had seen her husband lately.

"Yes; I met him this morning."

"Was any one with him?"

"He was conversing with Miss Carpenter."

"Miss Carpenter!" echoed Constance; then, as a flush succeeded the sudden pallor that had overspread her face, she bent her head lower over her work-box to conceal her feelings. Ingersoll was not aware that an intimacy was said to subsist between Lawrence and the actress; but it none the less grieved him to see the pure brow of his wife clothed in sack-cloth for the desertion of an unprincipled man; and in an hour of passion and resentment on his part of tears and indignation on hers—he so far smothered her wounded pride that she listened calmly, silently, while he told her of the large sums that Lawrence had lost at gambling, though he did not mention the equally large amount borrowed from himself.

During the recital Constance was in that humiliating position when indignation subsides into the mute, fearful sense of unmerited wrong, and a woman's soul is ready to melt at the first approach of sympathy. Would Constance forget her woman's dignity? Was a fate like this to be hers? Was the conviction of her husband's unworthiness to cast its blight over her own pure soul? Because he had forsaken her was she to prove untrue to herself? Raising her calm, dark eyes from the embroidery frame, whereon they had been fixed during his recital, they looked wild and earnest in his face as she said, in her sad, sad, sweet voice:

"Doctor, even as my husband's cousin you have said too much, and I listened too far; let it not occur again."

Angry and annoyed, Ingersoll had stayed away for some days. He knew that Lawrence was still absent, and was just turning over in his mind what manner of excuse he could make for calling on Mrs. Lawrence when he received a note from her, stating the illness of Mr. Poydras, and his indignation at Laurent's still absencing himself at recitations.

Glad of this excuse to call, Dr. Ingersoll went in the evening to a lecture, preparatory to setting forth the next day on a vacation tour.

The traces of tears were on Constance's pale cheek when she entered, yet she avoided all further reference to the subject, save to repeat the already expressed fear that if Laurent prolonged his absence it would greatly offend his best and truest friend—his uncle. While Ingersoll, taught caution by his late experimenting in speaking candidly of his relative's shameless profligacy, was contenting himself to do the utmost to farther her wishes the lock of

the door was heard to move, and the next moment her husband stood in the room.

Ingersoll, at the time, was taking his leave, and was standing with his back to the door, so did not perceive the stealthy entrance until, noting the sudden pallor that blanched the cheek of Constance to an ashy white, while her eyes were raised in a wild, glassy stare, he turned suddenly to see on what blighting object they rested, to meet the demoniac glare of hatred that scowled from beneath the dark, knit brows of Laurent Laurence.

"My husband," spoke the soft, sweet tones of Constance.

But, without heeding her, he advanced direct to where his cousin stood.

Trembling, fainting, had a bolt from Heaven fallen at her feet Constance could not have been more bereft of every faculty than now in sight and sound and feeling; reeling, she grasped at a chair for support, while Ingersoll, with knit brow and fiery eye, awaited what he had to say.

"And so I find you have profited by my absence to make my home anything but the shrine of my honour!"

"I came here to-night to learn your wife's wishes."

"It is false!" shouted the infuriate Lawrence.

"Lawrence, if you wish to make quarrel with me, in order to avoid the payment of the money I have advanced you, I at least beg that you spare your wife from witnessing how far you can lower yourself."

"Have you finished?"

"I have trusted that upon reflection you will do me the justice to believe me detained in this visit solely by a wish to secure, and now, good night, Good evening, Mrs. Lawrence."

And, angry, humiliated, bent, Dr. Ingersoll left. His reason told him that he had meant well by this visit, and the idea of accountability to any higher tribunal than his reason, for all the motives, hopes, aims, of his inmost soul, never crossed his mind. Such were our philosopher's ideas of duties to his friend. As regarded Constance, he would have been torn to pieces before word or act of his had cast their plague spot on her. And for himself, he would have looked upon it as weakness, nay, despised himself, had he thought his virtue required the cloak of fear in an all-ruling Providence, which governs the philosophic, vulgar herd. Alas, for the knowledge that this accomplished gentleman and scholar possessed of his own heart!

When Dr. Ingersoll left the room Constance, recovering from the chill torpor of intellect that had left her stupefied—made, adanced with nearly her accustomed calmness to where her husband stood, glaring on her with the fixed, demoniac scowl of hate, and, despite the livid hue resting on his bleated visage, on her approach grasped his hands earnestly in hers as she asked:

"Surely, Laurent, after all I have borne uncomplainingly of neglect and desertion, you cannot deem so unworthy of my nature as that I could harbour one thought, one feeling, untrue to you?"

But her hero was here a sceptic upon principle. It suited him just then, to doubt his friend's motives—he owed him a large sum, that he might otherwise find it difficult to refund. It behoved him therefore to doubt his wife's honour. She, the pure, minded and the true, whose brow would flush and cheek crimson at a thought of impurity, whose soul had revolved at a deed of shame—to all her earnest pleading, tearful appeals, it suited him to be callous, unbelieving, a sceptic on principle.

Among his other accomplishments Lawrence ranked that of being a first-rate shot (such worthiness generally are). Without other reply to his gentle, unoffending wife than rudely pushing her aside Lawrence opened his desk and set down to write. Divining his purpose, Constance sprang forward and, laying her cold, trembling hand on his shoulder said, in a shrill, excited tone. "You will not challenge him, Laurent, you cannot, you dare not? Oh, think, my husband! On what pretext challenge an unoffending man?"

Stamping his foot with rage, he ordered her up to her room, but unheeding, she knelt, clinging to his chair, as her hands were clasped in her agonized appeal.

"Laurent, hear me swear, on bended knee, that never, by word or look, has your cousin betrayed the trust you placed in inviting him here—then how can you challenge him?—how return to me, covered with his blood?"

"Hark! there's where you're sensitive, is it?" and turning from her, he again dipped his pen in the ink. She left the room and in a few moments heard him summon a servant.

"Here, Lewis, take this note in all haste to Mr. Rogers."

"Suppose he's at the theatre," was the sagacious observation.



[DANGEROUS THOUGHTS.]

"You must find him, and here is money; now be off."

The lawyer lived in the adjacent street, and, being at home, presently returned with the boy. Constance heard his light step in the hall, then heard her husband accost him as they entered the parlour.

"You know by my note why I have sent for you?"

"Yes, I suppose so—but can this be possible?"

"Let us not refer to it, Rogers; the sooner it is over the better, arrange all for me, the place—everything. See him to-night if you can."

"Certainly, the scoundrel. Have you written the challenge?"

"Here it is; now lose no time, my good fellow."

"I'll go to him at once; give yourself no uneasiness about that, but go to bed; do try to get some sleep. I'll be here early with a carriage; shall I bring a surgeon?"

"No, but if I don't lame him for life I'll blow my own brains out before I leave the ground."

"Mr. Lawrence, while condemning Dr. Ingersoll, as I ought, still I cannot but regret to hear you speak thus. Perhaps I exceed my promise in trespassing upon your just resentment, but you know I am what is called a serious man, and the chances are fearfully awful. Try to compose yourself, be assured I will do all you can possibly desire." And he left the house.

Proceeding at once to Dr. Ingersoll's residence, Mr. Rogers briefly explained the purport of his visit, expressing Mr. Lawrence's desire that the meeting should take place as speedily as possible, and proposed the next morning at five o'clock, requesting Dr. Ingersoll to name some friend with whom he might arrange preliminaries.

The doctor hesitated, then said:

"Mr. Rogers, no man who knows me can call me a coward; nor have I the least sympathy with the disparagement of duelling raised by moralists to decry the law of honour, which is, after all, a noble rule of action, exacting as it does obligations that could be compelled by no other power; believing that it, more than all the homilies ever preached, enforces men's views of their obligations to each other and to society. In its noble contempt of life it raises men's contempt for whatever is mean or designing, and in the generous sacrifice it equally demands I think it may be questioned whether the older injunctions of pulpit morality cherish the same energetic sentiments as this energetic principle. Still, when a scoundrel uses duelling as a pretext to save himself from paying his debts—obligations of honour—I

have a serious objection to risking my life to abet such a one in his villany!"

"Then I am to understand that you refuse to meet Mr. Lawrence?"

"Had I wronged my relative in his absence, that my life should pay the forfeit I should hold as just and right—"

"To what does all this tend?"

"That I will not, by meeting Lawrence, help the well-thinking world to judge wrongfully. But let him give me any other reasonable ground of quarrel, and he shall not find me backward in giving him all the satisfaction he craves."

"A coward, as well as scoundrel," muttered Rogers, as he retraced his way to his friend. Herein, however, he was mistaken. Alfred Ingersoll had been from earliest boyhood insensible to fear, but he would not, by meeting the degraded, brutalized gamester, aid to bruit the alleged infamy of the woman he so truly loved, and whose heart he knew to be tenanted by a spirit pure and unalloyed as the mountain snow. Should he not, by meeting her husband, help to ruin the good name of the woman he would have been torn to pieces but to serve? And now, when distractedly pacing his room, he learned by cruel experience, to know the results of braving, in self-reliance, the evil he should have shunned.

With earliest dawn Constance, finding all still in the house, tied on her bonnet and veil, and, enveloping her slight, graceful figure in a large shawl, went silently out, and was soon at the residence of her husband's uncle.

Strangely enough, though she had outraged some of the laws of honour by which men are governed, he received her vehement assurance very drily, remarking that her husband must be the best judge of how to right his own honour and peremptorily refused to interfere in the matter.

Agonized between her tortured dearth of hope, as regarded either her husband or uncle, her only apparent course, if she would save bloodshed, seemed to lie in seeing Dr. Ingersoll.

Drawing the thick folds of her veil over her pale, sweet face, she proceeded at once to his office.

As might have been expected at that early hour, he had not yet come down, but, giving a card to the boy, she requested that it might be given immediately to his master, desiring that he might be acquainted that she waited him in the office.

The boy, thinking that his master's professional services must be urgently wanted, flew upstairs and presently returned, saying that the doctor would be down immediately, and directly following Ingersoll made his appearance.

His face was very pale and the hair that used to wave so lightly above his temples now hung in neglected disarray, clinging to his damp brow.

Constance was the first to speak.

"Alfred!"—it was the only time she had ever called him thus, save when they had met to sever, when her girlhood dream of love was broken—"Alfred, you will not surely meet your cousin, you will not cover your hands with his blood?"

He grew even paler as he replied:

"I would not, Constance, but you know I must."

"And why? I know, Alfred, how needlessly Laurent has provoked you in all this. Yet surely you will not meet him, adding thereby to all my past misery. Only promise me you will not, Alfred?"

"Alfred! Oh, Constance, what a heart I have lost! To but hear you call me thus I would submit to be called poltroon and coward, be despised, shunned. But consider, he has dared to couple your name with dishonour—yours, loveliest, as you are the dearest, best of women; you, who have never in your short, troubled life, offended against religion, purity and your own sweet, womanly principle. Neither have I outraged, by any act of mine, those laws of honour he appeals to, by betrayal of confidence. Yet, Constance, I must, notwithstanding, give the desired meeting to one I consider my inferior in every respect."

She rose to go. He took her hand, which was icy cold, and, pressing it between his own cold palms, detained her while he spoke fast and hurried.

"Constance! dearest, most beloved of women! for now at this, our, perhaps, last earthly meeting, the cold formalities of the world must be swept away before the gathering mists of the grave have drawn their chill mantle round me. Constance, oh, in mercy, turn not so coldly from me! Have some pity! I must meet him, else would I be scoffed, shunned, disgraced, trampled upon ever after. I must, therefore, meet him, but not on the grounds he has chosen, that groundless quarrel being but a mean subterfuge to avoid his indebtedness. But to his friend, Rogers, I have called him a scoundrel, and I suppose for these I owe him satisfaction."

He sighed heavily and added:

"If he is determined to fight, I won't deprive him of the satisfaction of aiming at me, yet do I swear not to raise my pistol against his life. Should I refuse to meet him I would be abhorred of men, and while feeling that I have no guilt to expiate I would yet not be looked upon as a reprobate."

(To be continued.)



THYRA DESMOND;

THE MAIDEN OF THE LAKE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Young Ella was the happiest maid
That ever hailed the infant spring;
Her carol charmed the blissful shade,
Love taught his favourite nymph to sing.
But, ah! that sorrow's preying worm
Should nip the tender buds of peace.
Now woe with woe in Ella's form
And all her notes of rapture cease.
Alas, poor Ella!

"ERICA, my love, there is a visitor coming to-day, or to-morrow, whom I think you will like to see," said Sir Hilary Vesce, some week or so after Thyra's interview with Mike on the border of the lake.

The post-bag had been delivered, and the baronet had repaired as usual to the apartments where his invalid child and gentle companion were accustomed to pass their mornings.

The young daughter of the Vesces was perhaps somewhat improved in health since she had returned to her native air and beloved home, with the gentle and judicious tending of Thyra Desmond to complete her comfort.

True, the shock she had received was far too violent and general for her to display a marked change in her state, and her powers of locomotion were completely prostrate for the present, but still her general health, her spirits, and even her voice, betrayed greater and increasing strength, and kindled fresh hopes in the mind of her father and her friend.

But the effect on Sir Hilary of this dawn of hope was somewhat anomalous and unjust.

Instead of the gratitude that he ought to have felt for the benefit which Thyra's presence and unwearied attention had brought to the invalid he was more inclined to look forward to the near approach of the time when they might dispense with the services of the beautiful girl, whom he regarded with a singular and uneasy jealousy and prejudice.

It might be that he disliked the presence of a stranger, or that the very humiliation he had submitted to for his child's sake still rankled in his breast.

Whatever the cause, there was no question that he was constrained and formal in the presence of their

young guest, and his greatest relief in the recovery of his daughter would have been in the opportunity thus afforded of dispensing with her companion's services and presence.

On the present occasion the lake maiden was seated in a window recess, busily engaged in arranging some work for Erica's amusement, a diversion of employment that was already varying the invalid's tedious hours of confinement, and Sir Hilary, after his usual courteous and formal greeting, had taken no farther heed of her presence, but proceeded to his station beside Erica's sofa to reveal his tidings.

The invalid's cheeks flushed with the words.
"Is it possible? Is it Brian, papa?" she said, eagerly.

"No, certainly not," was the sharp reply, at least it sounded so to the sensitive nerves that were accustomed to such considerate and tender treatment. "My dear child, do you not know that your brother is some five hundred miles away ere this, and it will be some months ere it is likely he will be able to return? But though it is not Brian, it is someone you rather liked when you saw him, and who ought now to touch your little ladyship into additional sympathy," he went on, resuming the lighter and more affectionate tone in which he generally addressed his sick darling. "It is your old friend, Lord Oranmore, Erica—the young fellow who came more than once to Rosanne while he was at school with Brian, and who was so particularly kind to you in those childish days."

Erica did not betray the slightest embarrassment at the announcement. In fact, there was scarcely the amount of interest that might reasonably have been expected in her look and tone as she replied:

"Indeed, papa—oh, yes, I do remember some one who used to play with me to my heart's content, but it was too long ago for me to feel any great interest in his arrival, now that I am too old and too ill for such childish sports."

"Well, you are not too old for girlish amusements, nor too ill to feel sympathy with him now that he is an invalid also, and coming here partly on that account."

Erica smiled languidly.

"Why, papa, I should have thought one sick person quite enough in a house," she replied with a wan smile, "without bringing more care and dismalness to Rosanne."

"Ah, I did not mean that Lord Oranmore is so ill as to be nursed, or that he is coming to comparative

strangers on that account," returned Sir Hilary, somewhat quickly. "It is simply that he has some affairs in the neighbourhood which make his presence necessary, and he wrote to ask for my advice on one or two points, at the same time informing me of the state of his health. My reply was, of course, an invitation to Rosanne, and this letter is a grateful and ready acceptance—in fact, far more so than would have been expressed in the ordinary way, and I quite expect he will be here in a day or two."

"Certainly, papa, I don't doubt dear old Bridget will make him very comfortable," answered the girl, wearily. "I should think the best room to put him in would be the little Blue Chamber, and dressing-closet. There is a small bed-room connected with them, which will do for his servant, if he is so ill as to want one near him."

"That is like my own Erica, always thoughtful and compliant with my slightest wish," returned the baronet, tenderly. "I wonder whether you will always be so in more important matters, darling," he proceeded. "It were indeed a joy and a blessing to me that my utmost efforts for your happiness and prosperity could scarcely repay."

It was strange, but the very lovingness of the tone and the look rather recalled to Erica's mind the memorable conversation that preceded her ill-omened departure from Rosanne, and, though it did not seem in the least connected with the coming of the young nobleman, it yet gave an uneasy and by no means propitious association with his name and arrival, which was decidedly undeserved.

"Shall I be obliged to receive him, papa? I mean, must I be in the drawing-room and take my meals with you as usual?" she asked, after a slight pause.

"I should certainly prefer it, Erica. I am far too dull to be a suitable companion for so young a man," he replied, "and it will very likely cheer and rouse you favourably enough for your own benefit. So now all is settled, and I will go and give the necessary orders. Miss Desmond, I need no longer detain you from your charge," he added, rising with the somewhat formal courtesy that more effectually marked a barrier between his own rank and his daughter's companion than the most haughty neglect.

Erica lay still for a few moments without speaking.

"Thyra, dear, come here," she said, at last. "I want to talk to you."

Thyra hastened to her side at the words.

"Here is the tatting," she said. "I have got it

quite right for you now. It was only a pattern or two wrong."

"Yes, but I don't want it now," was the rather fretful answer, though in another moment the impatience was atoned for by the invalid, in her sweet, girlish way. "Forgive me, it was very naughty," she said, "to be so cross when you had been taking such trouble, but I was rather vexed, you know, about what papa told me, and so I suppose I vented my ill-humour on you."

"And why, dear girl, should that annoy you?" was the rather amused question of the lady maid.

"Oh, I scarcely knew," said Erica, though a warm flush that dyed her cheek somewhat belied her words. "Only, you see, I thought it was Brian, and it was so tiresome to find he will not be here for so long, and besides—besides," she added, "I am rather sorry Lord Oranmore is coming now."

Thyra did not question further, though a rather clearer, if still misty, light began to dawn on her mind as to the apparent mystery; but she merely observed:

"Well, my love, you need not in any way try your strength while he is here, and, as Sir Hilary said, it is very possible it may do you good by making some variety. Do you not like him? Is he a disagreeable person?" she continued, rather mischievously.

"I—oh, no—that is, he was not so when I knew him," replied the girl. "He was very lively and kind and always seemed as ready for any wild sport or expedition as I was, only—only now it is so different."

And a few sad accents, like an involuntary wail, came at the end of the sentence like the tears in the voice, of which the poets speak.

"Dearest Erica, what is it—what do you mean?" said the lady, with her companion. "Why should it be different? Why should you not be able to find pleasure in the society of an old friend now that you are so ill?"

There was no answer at first, but the tears flowed down her delicate cheeks with a gentle but steady course that spoke more touchingly than the most violent and impulsive burst of sorrow.

"My darling, what is it? What can have distressed you so much? What have I said?" asked Thyra, soothingly, kneeling by the sofa and bending over her young charge.

"Oh, Thyra, do you not understand—can you not see how much this makes me feel my illness and helplessness?" said the girl, sadly. "When Lord Oranmore saw me last I was well and strong and able to do anything that we liked, and now I am useless and powerless, and what will he think to see me like an old, confined invalid?"

Thyra did not argue the point that it would, not in the least signify what the young man did think of the child-girl, as Erica did seem even in her young years.

But she merely suggested, in a gentle tone:

"But you see he is not well either, your papa says, and therefore it will not make so much difference in his ideas or movements. He could not do all these things, even if you could, you see."

Erica still shook her head doubtfully.

"Yes, but then, if I were quite well, I would amuse him better and take some care of him, poor fellow," she went on, very meditatively, "and now you will have to do everything for him, as well as me."

"I?" exclaimed Thyra, in utter and genuine amazement. "My dear Erica, you are dreaming or forgetting strangely my position here. I am not like the daughter of the house, remember, Erica, though you are making me love and treat you as if I were your sister."

"Oh, if you were, how happy I should be!" was the involuntary burst of the poor young invalid, but Thyra held up her finger in playful warning, and she went on, with some change of subject in her remarks. "But you must know, Thyra, dear, if I am to do as papa wishes and see this said Lord Oranmore that you must be with me. It would be impossible for me to do without you. I should get so frightened and confused, now I am so weak."

"And what is this formidable young gentleman like, then?" asked Thyra, striving to give a more cheerful tone to the thoughts of the invalid.

"Oh, I do not know. He was rather handsome, I think; not like Brian, but somehow he had a face that seemed to change so much, and he was very warm-hearted, I am sure, and impetuous, I should say now, though I was almost too young to understand what it meant then, only I remember little things that make me think it must have been so."

And a half-smile crossed the young girl's lips and she closed her eyes and seemed to be meditating on the past with a remarkable retention of the incidents of those childish days.

Thyra watched her with sad attention while she could do so thus unobserved.

She scarcely believed what was the sole explanation of this strange girl. She could scarcely think

it possible so young a creature cherished any dangerous or tender predilection for one whom she could only have known in such childish days; still less that Lord Oranmore would be likely to retain the remembrance amid the gaieties of the world in which he was thrown. Still, her own secluded youth gave her a more entire sympathy and comprehension of what might be affecting the nature of one whose training had been well-nigh as far removed from the usual society of her age and her station and whose mind and heart would consequently have been as rapidly and unnaturally matured.

Still, the only wise course was to ignore the very possibility or even existence of such feelings, and she only waited for Erica's reverie to terminate ere she spoke again, in a brighter and more cheerful tone.

"Oh, well, ma belle, I only hope my vocation here will not be too abruptly ended by the advent of this remarkable young nobleman. If he act as a sort of reviver of old days you may perhaps regain your old health and habits, and then you will not want any more nursing and petting from me."

The young girl's arms were round her in a moment and her fair head buried on Thyra's shoulders as she answered:

"Naughty Thyra, how can you? You know better than that. You know I could not do without you now that you have made me feel it is so nice to have some one to speak to and to be so near my own age and so ready to sympathize with me. No, no, naughty Thyra, you must never go away from me unless you went to a house of your own, and even then I am afraid I should hate very much any one who wanted to take you away from your home at Rosanna."

Thyra returned the loving caress with kindly and grateful words and feelings.

Yet, young as she was, she knew full well that such promises, ay, and such real and honest feelings, were but transient in their duration, and doubtful in their effect when danger and more ardent affections and interests came to shake their roots in the heart, and she did not build up any far-seeing and sanguine hopes on the enthusiasm of the young and warm-hearted invalid.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Be on your guard, my lord. There is a very good game to be played if you are at once patient and prudent," was the parting injunction of the doctor as he took leave of his patron after the long residence which had been made necessary in his house by the long consciousness of the wounded man. "But if you once allow your feelings to get the better of you it's all up. Remember the rich prize which may be yours and which, if I mistake not, will really supply all that is needed for the very perfection of your happiness and prosperity. You can both secure a beautiful heiress, whose blood and breeding and fortune would grace the station of the lord lieutenant himself, and not only that, but you will be effectually revenged on the man to whom you owe so much suffering."

Lord Oranmore laughed outright.

"And what is it that you fear, Shane?" he asked. "Do you suppose I am going to forget lady Beatrix or fall in love with Sir Hilary Vesel's child-daughter? Scarcely that, my good friend, for though she certainly gave promise of rare beauty, I by no means feel inclined to wait for the chance development of a child of fifteen or less, and who has got an inconvenient brother into the bargain. You need not be alarmed off that score, my good friend."

"I hope not, my lord; but still there is a great charm sometimes even in that extreme youth and freshness you describe, and I should recommend an extreme caution whatever betides while on travels, whether physically or mentally. You are not out of the wood, in spite of all my attempts to build you up as strong as ever."

Lord Oranmore nodded assent as if he were well nigh weary of the subject, and then he stepped into the carriage in waiting and in a few minutes he was in the railway train and speeding away on his route to Ruthven station, from whence he would have to travel by car to Rosanna, unless Sir Hilary's carriage met him, as he partly expected, for the remainder of the road.

The journey was not a long one, but it seemed even more than commonly brief from the extreme preoccupation of his thoughts.

He attached perhaps more importance to the words of Dr. Shane than he chose to confess to the physician.

The young viscount was, in truth, wary enough not to give more than necessary powers to the Irish doctor in his affairs. True, he owed him a deep debt of gratitude. Either unusual skill and care in his attendance or his own excellent constitution had induced a really miraculous recovery from his terrible and entire prostration of strength, and it was not

in his nature to disregard the man to whom he owed life itself.

Still, he did not trust him so entirely as might have been expected, any more than he believed in the genuine truth and love of Beatrix Clare.

Long and serious illness has a wonderful effect in at once maturing the judgment and softening the feelings, and Hugh Oranmore was a changed man since the morning of the mad and ill-omened duel with his rival.

Sir Hilary's carriage was not in waiting when he arrived at the station, and he at once ordered a car, as the best alternative from an uncertain and tedious waiting, when some misunderstanding had evidently taken place in time or mode of his arrival. And though the jolting and pace was by no means favourable to ease and patience he did in due time arrive at Sir Hilary's seat, and as he partly expected found the master of the house had started to meet him.

"Sir Hilary has driven to the four-twenty train, my lord," said the servant, who ushered him in the saloon, which was usually considered as a sort of library and morning-room for the gentlemen guests at Rosanna. "But I am sure he will get back as quickly as possible; and I will tell Miss Vesel that you are here, my lord," and Miss Halloran, with many respectful inclinations of the head and offers of refreshment, disappeared.

Lord Oranmore remained alone for some ten minutes, which he employed in inspecting the various and quaint objects in the room.

The books were most of them of old and standard character, but there were some more modern works, and especially some foreign authors, lying on the table, and the large and easy reading-chair that stood near the window had one of the volumes on the stand attached to it.

Lord Oranmore turned it over with no little curiosity. There was some difficulty in the old Russian language in which it was written, and he was perhaps somewhat surprised that one so young and of such limited knowledge of other countries as Erica Vesel could so easily decipher and interpret its meaning.

But on inspecting it more closely he saw a name that he did not in the least recognise written in the fly-leaf. "Thyra Desmond, Aug. 185—," was written in a very elegant female hand, and Lord Oranmore closed it again with decidedly lessened interest.

"Erica's governess, I suppose," he muttered, "let me see, I think it was some elderly party that was acting in that capacity when I was here before, she must be displaced for this damsel with the romantic name—Thyra—yes, of course it will be a German woman, or perhaps a Russian, they are first rate at languages, I know." And he again walked to the window to look for the return of his host, till the opening of the door caused him to turn quickly and meet the grateful courtesy of about the loveliest young creature he could have well imagined to exist on this mortal earth.

She was younger and even fairer than Beatrix Clare, albeit he had hitherto believed that stately haireless well nigh unrivalled in beauty.

And with a gesture as rapid as the conclusion which gave rise to it, he hastily advanced to meet her.

"Erica, is it possible, and so grown and matured!" he exclaimed, as he held out his hand to the shrinking intruder. But the young lady drew back without answering the proffered salutation.

"I am not Miss Vesel, my lord; I came to tell you that Sir Hilary will soon return when he finds you are not at the station, and to ask whether you will not like to go to your room before he arrives," said the girl, in about the sweetest voice that Hugh could have assigned to any one save a syren.

He bowed with respectful courtesy, but he did not by any means hasten in giving his reply. He did not want to part with the lovely vision when so temptingly alone with him in the apartment.

"No, no, I think not. I have not travelled so far as to make it at all necessary. I thank you, Miss—," he said, stopping inquiringly at the name.

"Desmond," she replied, gently.

And he was once more charmed afresh at the idea of the accomplishments of that beautiful young stranger.

"Miss Desmond," he continued, as she pronounced the name. "And where is Erica?—Miss Vesel I ought to say, now I suppose. Is she coming to greet an old friend?"

"Miss Vesel is, I grieve to say, very much out of health," replied Thyra. "Did not Sir Hilary tell you?"

"Certainly not—no—what is the matter?" he asked, quickly.

Thyra hastily and briefly explained.

She was anxious to get away, she did not wish Sir Hilary to find her conversing with the young nobleman, albeit she had been despatched thither by Erica herself.

"I am grieved indeed, Miss Desmond, to hear it," he said. "It is some time since I have seen her, or been at Rosanne, now that my old cham Brian has been away. But I suppose she is very much grown and matured; I have nearly forgotten her exact features, as you may suppose from my mistaking you for her. Are you staying here, Miss Desmond, for any time?" He went on, as the young girl still appeared anxious to depart.

"I do not know. I am here at Sir Hilary's request, as a companion to his daughter while she is ill, and I suppose my stay will very much depend upon her recovery," replied Thyra, with a more formal and cold air that she would have ever assumed in her father's house, or had she been in reality the visitor whom Lord Oranmore supposed her to be.

There was a double cause for this. "And I should think it would be some time before she recovers, if your stay here is to be ended by her recovery," replied the viscount, with a half-courteous, half-apologetic bow. "And I have been ill also, you may tell her; if you please, Miss Desmond, so I shall be fully able to sympathize with her in her weakness. She need not fear I shall expect her to be quite the playful romp she used to be in former days. I suppose she is very much subdued since then, poor child."

"I do not think she would like you to call for a child, nor that you would think her one when you see her," she said, with a kind of demure seriousness. "She is quite womanly in her ideas and manner for her age, and even that is not a child's, exactly."

"Ah, it is a spirit of despair, I suppose. It is not long enough since you have passed that age, for you to allow it to beat all truth down upon you," he replied, gently. "But you know, Miss Desmond, the bridge is very narrow where—"

"Womanhood and childhood meet."

And it is a very fine point for any one to decide to which some young girls belong. But are you really going to abandon me to solitude? must I not come with you to see Eric?"

Thyra shook her head. "She will see you presently, when Sir Hilary returns, but just now she is not quite equal to the meeting," returned Thyra, "and I must really return, or she will wonder what has kept me so long."

And Thyra determinedly closed the door, which she had approached during the last words.

"How lovely, and what a sweet voice, and what a taste for language she must have, and I'd wager my half-year's rent, for instance, if she reflected as the girl disappeared. Certainly Shaue was right so far, if this lady had been Miss Vesce, or to speak more correctly, if Eric was this fairy, who seems to haunt her sick chamber, I am afraid I should be inclined to forget Beatrice and her fortune, love, and revenge, and count Sir Hilary's daughter, if I could be lucky enough to win her for my bride."

And Lord Oranmore heaved a deep sigh, as if he were relieving the tension of some long-repressed feeling, as he once more settled himself in the reading-chair, and composed himself to sleep or study as the humor invited. In the present instance his employment resolved itself into a kind of dreamy abstraction that partook of both conditions of mind.

He was running on the past and the future, on the causes that had brought him to Rosanne, on the vague ideas that had formerly crossed his mind when visiting the abode of the fair and fascinating child, sister of his friend, on the maturer and sudden passion that had seized on his whole senses for the Lady Beatrice Clare, on his revenged anger, on his suffering, and on his restless and vehement resolve to gratify at once his anger and his love.

It was strangely different now. He felt a sort of waking from a dream—a miserable, engrossing dream, as he met in that novel and unfamiliar room, as he remembered the soft, fresh, pure creature he had just encountered, and the utter repugnance that such ideas as his would excite in her innocent mind.

It was like the lady in *Comus* sending away at a glance the evil spirit and his rabble crew.

And now Hugh Oranmore could scarcely realize the plans and plottings, the fierce indignation, and the dark resolve of a few brief hours before.

But there were circumstances in his life and position that prevented altogether the chasing away of the strong and evil passions in his spirit.

"She is charming, but I must not be an idiot, a gratuitous idiot, to step into the mire as I seem but too likely to do. Let me see—it cannot be half so dangerous to get on with little Brian; in any case it must be some years before she could ever dream of love or marriage, so if I cannot shield myself in any other way, I must do my best to amuse myself with her."

Again Hugh fell into deep and abstracted thought

from which he was only roused by the noise of rapidly approaching carriage-wheels, and in another instant a rapid step was heard, and Sir Hilary Vesce hurried into the room.

"Ah, Oranmore, my dear boy, delighted to see you! Sorry you should be jolted to pieces in those villainous cars, but either you or I made a grand mistake—but never mind now, since you are here all right. Have you seen Erica yet? But no, I don't suppose she would show till I came," he went on, somewhat more sadly. "Poor darling, in former days she would not have been long in welcoming her father's guests."

"Ah, I was extremely grieved to hear of Miss Vesce's illness. Do you hope for a speedy recovery, my good Sir Hilary?" returned the young man, his head probably more engrossed with the information given to him by the companion—as to her own conditional movements than the fair child-girl's convalescence, albeit he did certainly feel a true and kindly sympathy for the youthful invalid.

"Well, yes. Oh, yes," Sir Hilary replied, with a slight embarrassment, that seemed only to impart fresh determination and decision to his manner. "It is just a passing weakness, nothing more, Lord Oranmore—a shock to the nerves that will need time, and firmness, and tenderness of treatment to cure. Yes, I can already see a great improvement, and the Dublin doctor gave every hope, especially in her extreme youth, that she will soon recover her usual health. You will see for yourself, and I do not think you will find any great change in her appearance—a little more delicate perhaps—but then—"

"But then of course she will be matured and older, and that naturally produces some alteration," observed Lord Oranmore, coming as it were to the rescue of his friendly host. "Well, I hope a very short time will settle my ideas of her. I presume she will appear at dinner, Sir Hilary?" he added, in a questioning tone.

"I hope so; indeed, I may say I do not doubt it, unless she is unusually languid to-day—and that reminds me I ought not to detain you here when you need more refreshment after your journey, and you have of course had a pretty sharp trial of strength lately."

Lord Oranmore assented. He could scarcely have obtained any further information, and he was equally averse to risking his own discretion in a longer conversation as to curtailing too sharply his time for the dinner toilet.

It was necessary not to appear to the worst possible advantage before two young and pretty girls, even while hurriedly betrothed to another and an even more attractive and richly-endowed bride.

In a few minutes he had been ushered to his room, the apartment which Erica had so considerably chosen for him, and which was indeed about as temptingly comfortable in its arrangements as even a bachelor viscount could desire or expect.

He hastily prepared, with the assistance of his valet, for the dinner, at which he expected to meet both, and the toilet was concluded ere the bell rung with the punctuality which, truth to tell, is by no means a distinguishing feature of Hibernian arrangements.

But the expectations with which he descended to the saloon were decidedly disappointed. The table was only laid for two.

But Sir Hilary at once met his companion's look by the remark:

"I see you are looking for your pet playmate, Lord Oranmore. She is rather wilfully inclined, or else genuinely indisposed. She begs off from the dinner, but will be in readiness to receive us in the saloon, so we must make ourselves as happy as we may, and among other means of amusement you can tell me what is the business that brought you here on this very welcome visit."

The meal perhaps was rather a constrained one. Lord Oranmore could scarcely establish at once an amiable relation with a man so very much his senior, and a stranger to him on so many subjects.

Even Brian was apparently a forbidden subject, for Sir Hilary quickly tabooed it, with his quick, stern, cold replies to very natural questions, and on all other things neither of the gentlemen could possibly guess each other's predilections, albeit they might desire to avoid all the inevitable clashing that a difference of opinion inevitably engendered in eager and decided temper.

But when the servants had retired and there was a greater chance for confidential conversation the restraint in a measure vanished.

The gentlemen drew their chairs together, the wine was once more poured out, and the real intention of the visit entered upon.

"I think you told me that you had some official advice to ask of me, or rather advice in my official character," observed Sir Hilary, as a kind of opening of the subject. "I need not say how glad I shall be to afford you the slightest assistance. What is it that you wish me to do, my young friend?"

Lord Oranmore hesitated for a moment. Now that it had really come to the point he felt that it was a somewhat strange idea, and a perhaps, impossible favour that he was about to explain.

"The fact is, Sir Hilary, I have, as you I daresay know, been unlucky enough to get into rather a doubtful scrape—I mean one where it may be a matter of question who is right and who wrong in the case. At any rate I have been the chief sufferer, and not only in actual physical pain and danger, but I have every reason to suppose that the feeling of the society among whom we are both placed is decidedly prejudiced against me by evil and unjust accounts of the whole affair," he continued, more rapidly. "This is to me the greatest injury and annoyance in the whole proceeding."

"And by whom is this gossip spread?" asked the baronet, sternly.

There was a decided repugnance in his nature to any tinge of scandal and misrepresentation, and that might perhaps be more deepened and intensified by the peculiar circumstances that had happened in his own immediate family.

"Oh, I do not doubt for a moment that it has been from Ashworth and his relations that the first mischief has been spread," returned the young viscount. "It has been decided in more than one circle that I was the entire aggressor, and that I actually forced Ashworth to risk his life in order to punish me for intruding on his prerogative, while Heaven knows that I never wished in the slightest degree to infringe, so far as I ever knew," he went on, in a rather more subdued tone.

Lord Oranmore could do a great deal, and go as far as most in self-deception as to his own deeds and duties. But still, noblesse oblige, even when love and war are in the question, and he could never have gone to the length of telling an actual untruth even in the urgent circumstances in which he might now be considered to be placed, and hence the saving clause "as far as I ever knew."

"Well, and what do you consider should be your course, and how can I assist you?" asked Sir Hilary, with a slight tinge of impatience.

"This—just this, Sir Hilary. I have been informed that he is lurking near here, near Kevin's cave and bad," was the reply; "and I thought there might be a very fair opportunity of exacting your power as a magistrate on my behalf and without injuring either the young fellow himself or his prospects."

"Do you not think it would be very possible that he might be induced to leave the country, or to make a complete amende and apology, if you were to put forth your magisterial influence, as a friend, you know to me, quite as much as any dislike or revenge to the fellow himself?"

Sir Hilary looked decidedly grave and doubtful.

"Lord Oranmore would not, I am quite sure, wish me to do or say anything which could in the least compromise my honour or duty," he said at length. "It is so extremely important at the present time to avoid any scandal from those newspaper fellows, and then even the very peasants are beginning to venture on comments on their betters. We shall have to get the law on our side whatever may betide—you understand?—in whatever we may do."

"Oh, yes, Sir Hilary, certainly. You can't even suppose that I would do anything or advise anything that would compromise you," he said. "No; if you will honour me by listening for a few moments, I think you will see that all I ask of you is of a very easy and very harmless character."

Sir Hilary bent, or rather unbent, his brow in gracious token of attention.

"You may rely on my utmost desire to oblige and to shield you from any annoyance, my young friend; and now please to come to the point, for I fear that my Erica will be expecting us, and it is very seldom that I venture to disappoint her even in trifles. It is so extremely necessary that her spirits should be in all things that she fancies kept up to the full mark that we endeavour rather to forestall her wishes than delay them."

Lord Oranmore bowed assent to the proposition, though he rather demurred to the actual extension in her case.

However, there was no alternative now that he had plunged into the subject and made himself an inmate of the baronet's home. So he at once complied, and bending so low as to prevent his words from escaping to the ears of those for whom they were not intended, he in a few rapid sentences explained his wishes to his host.

There was a little grave and thoughtful demur, a few objections raised, a little explanation necessary, and then Sir Hilary drew back to his usual exact position and answered the young man in a more direct and decided tone.

"I will do what I have promised, my young friend, and I hope in your turn that you will keep within the letter of my instructions, and then I believe I may safely say that there can be no harm

done. Till then we will drop the subject as much as possible. On occasions like these it is better not to indulge in needless explanations or discussions you will fully admit."

Lord Oranmore assented by a half-movement to rise, which he comprehended now was the very best mode he could take of propitiating and securing his host.

And the baronet rang the bell without farther delay and led the way to the drawing-room.

"Erica, my love, here is your old friend Lord Oranmore," was the introduction of the new guest for the time. Hugh's natural kindness of nature prevented his even turning his eyes from the young invalid to see whether her beautiful nurse was in attendance.

Certainly it was a sight that might well touch the heart of an older and harder temper than the viscount's to look on Erica Vesce's youthful face and form and extreme delicacy, which betokened so unmistakably the suffering that was so prematurely brought on the life of one who in all things seemed so joyous and prosperous for her future as well as present, and as Lord Oranmore approached a fleeting flush overspread her face that gave a more than usual spiritual character to her beauty and a maturity which belied her tender girlhood.

She smiled sweetly at the young man's expressions of regret and sympathy.

"Please do not fancy or say that I am an invalid. I do not mean at all to assume such a tiresome role, Lord Oranmore; I shall very soon be well, you may be sure, and Thyrá will confess I am a great deal better already since she came," she added, turning to the girl sitting alone in the shelter of the curtain that hung over the bay window to prevent any chance of cold and chill to the tender invalid.

The viscount slightly bowed as Erica thus drew attention to her companion, but Sir Hilary did not seem to consider it at all necessary that his daughter's attendant should be introduced to the noble visitor, and he quickly turned the conversation from the young lake maiden.

"Should you have recognized Erica, Lord Oranmore?" he asked.

"Yes—oh, certainly," replied Hugh; "unless that she is so matured from her childish looks. She is quite what she promised to be in former days, and when she regains her health I expect she will be more saucy and rebelling than she can venture upon just now, which will complete the similitude."

"And are you as fond of music as you used to be, Lord Oranmore?" asked Erica, as if she did not care to be made the topic of conversation.

"Yes, quite. I suppose you cannot indulge in it just now?" returned the viscount, fearing to say something that might hurt the invalid but yet scarcely liking to refuse her challenge.

"Yes; but Thyrá sings, and she will give us one of her dear old airs, will you not, dear?" she said, pleadingly, turning to her friend.

Miss Desmond hesitated, but Sir Hilary settled the matter by a formal:

"I am sure you will entertain us if Erica wishes it, Miss Desmond."

And Thyrá rose, with a formal humility, as it were her duty to obey the directions of her patron.

It was an old, familiar air, one that has been warbled by Irish princes and peasants and by prima donnas and pupils in the schoolroom, and yet which will never lose its charm, that she began to sing.

But few out of the many who have delighted in or attempted the melody ever gave it with more touching and more rich, soft tones than the lake maiden.

Her voice was so sympathizing, her expression so improved and so tasteful and her intonation so true that Lord Oranmore believed he had never listened to such a syren before and felt so dangerous a charm from the combined influence of her winning beauty and her rare fascination in the new character of a most bewitching songstress.

He could, like the sultan of old, have waved his hand for more as the strain ceased, but being only a modern noble in somewhat straitened circumstances he contented himself with thanking the musician formally for the pleasure he had received, and then devoted himself to smooth away a shadow that either he fancied or actually saw had gathered on Erica's young brow during his involuntary attention to the sweet sounds.

(To be continued.)

A STRANGE LAKE.—Seneca Lake, in Western New York, is said to closely resemble Lakes Como and Geneva. Its water is of sea-green and perfectly pellucid. It is said to lie entirely in a rock basin and to have no mud bottom. At many points it is unfathomable. Nothing that sinks into its depths

ever comes to its surface again. The bodies of its drowned are never recovered. Water taken from its deepest depth has been found to be of a temperature of three degrees above freezing, and it is the theory of some that the bodies of the drowned are so chilled that decomposition and the resulting generation of gases which ordinarily causes bodies to rise are prevented. Others think that strong under-currents sweep the bodies away, down and through subterranean streams, to a sepulture beyond any but the final resurrection. This is just the place the friends of cremation and other ideas of a kindred character desire, and the sooner they avail themselves of it the better.

BURIED SECRETS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mrs. FLINT had spoken the truth at last.

Lolette Ryan was not the grand-daughter of the Earl of Thorncombe—not the daughter of the late George Berwyn and his wife. She had not one drop of the Berwyn blood in her veins.

She was in truth Mary Cartwright, the daughter of that Jack Cartwright whom Mrs. Flint had known in her girlhood, and who had been hanged for murder in Australia.

The woman had taken an oath that Lolette was Miss Berwyn, but in declaring the girl's true identity it was plain to see that she was for the first time telling the truth.

Keeling abjectly before the earl, terrified at the sudden collapse of the false and airy fabric she had reared, appalled at the sudden exposure of her wicked pretences, apprehensive of some terrible punishment, Mrs. Flint was for a moment the central figure of the scene.

Lord Thorncombe stood erect, one hand upraised, as pronouncing judgment. But there was the light of a great joy upon his stern and grand old face.

Piers Dalryell, stupefied with horror, stood behind the earl as if turned to stone.

Suddenly a frightful shriek went pealing through the room, and Lolette, who had been struggling with a rage too mighty for her to bear, fell to the floor, writhing in all the horrors of an epileptic fit.

Lord Thorncombe stood a moment in silence, then turned and quitted the room.

Dalryell, conscious even then that appearances must be kept up, or that all would be lost to him for ever—patron, home, income, expectations—put his hand to his forehead in a wild gesture, and staggered after him.

They reached the street, and the earl put one arm in one of Dalryell's, and they walked on side by side.

The night was not light. It was well for Dalryell, else his companion must have marked the haggard expression of his face, the despair of his glittering eyes, the sullen misery that stared from his every feature.

"Luckily I remembered what Keene told me about the birth-mark and the scar," said the earl, with a little laugh that showed how great was his relief. "You see, Dalryell, that country nurse who took charge of Blanche during her first year is still living, and Keene has seen her. She remembers her little nursing perfectly, and gave an accurate description of the child as she was then, nineteen years ago, and of the two marks upon her arm. Of course, with that nurse and Lockiam to testify, there isn't the slightest chance for an impostor to get into my grandchild's place!"

Dalryell did not speak.

"I would rather a thousand-fold have found Blanche's grave than to have found her in this Lolette. You meant well, Dalryell. I know that you believed this girl to be Blanche, but I am surprised that you should have been so deceived," said the old lord. "It is easy to see that this dancer has no gentle blood in her veins!"

Dalryell stared at a distant lamp with unseeing eyes.

"A great, coarse, bouncing creature!" continued Lord Thorncombe. "The woman is cunning, but she is not capable of a great imposture or a great crime. She is too cowardly. Perhaps she secretly suspected the weakness of her trumped-up story. But she could not impose the girl on me, and when she comprehended that she gave away at once. The girl herself seemed to believe that she was Blanche Berwyn!"

Dalryell muttered an unintelligible answer.

"There were two children in her charge when she returned to England," pursued the earl. "One was Blanche Berwyn; the other was the Cartwright child. The latter she kept, and she is now known as

Lolette Ryan. The other, Blanche, she gave away. To whom did she give her?"

Dalryell shook his head. The movement was comprehended by the earl rather than seen.

"I will send Keene around in the morning to ask Mrs. Ryan, or Flint," said his lordship. "He will frighten her into a full confession. I am very hopeful, Dalryell. We shall soon find Blanche. Heaven grant that when she is found I may not be ashamed of her."

By this time they had encountered an empty passing cab. The earl hailed it, and they entered it, returning to the West End.

Upon entering Thorncombe House Dalryell hurried immediately to his own room.

Locking his door, he gave vent to the rage that filled his being, breathing frightful imprecations upon Mrs. Flint and Lolette, whose very name now made him shudder.

For an hour he raged like a madman, hurling himself to and fro, muttering and whispering to himself, his eyes glowing, his hideous mouth writhing and twisting, his teeth bared savagely, and gleaming like the teeth of a wild beast.

But at last, grown calmer through exhaustion, he flung himself upon a sofa and muttered, with a beast-like snarl:

"Perdition on them both! They have duped me cleverly. The woman must have laughed at her success. And I have married that creature, that miserable, low dancer of the concert-saloon, the daughter of a convict! Bah! I could kill myself! I, Dalryell of the clubs, the husband of that bouncing creature, with her brazen face, without one grain of refinement—I, who have been noted for my fastidiousness, and who have been a connoisseur of beauty! What is to be done? How am I to be rid of her? How shall I blot out this error of mine, so that no one may ever know of it?"

He had found his wax candles lighted. The daily newspapers had been brought up from the library and laid upon his table, after a custom he had inaugurated weeks since. His wandering glances rested upon them. An idea came to him.

He arose and put his candles on the table, and began to study the shipping lists with considerable interest.

"A steamer left yesterday for Australia," he soliloquized, "and probably no other will sail for that country for a month. But what of this? 'The ship "Childeric," Al. Lloyds, will sail with freight for Melbourne.' When? To-morrow? She will take a few passengers in the cabin, but they must be on board early! She will sail to-morrow at noon!"

He meditated long and deeply.

Then he took out his pocket-book. He had borrowed a couple of hundred pounds recently from Lord Thorncombe's land-steward, and had not encroached upon it. He had also one hundred pounds of his own money. All this, in Bank of England notes, was on his person. He counted it over, and then restored it to its place of deposit.

And then he resumed his walking to and fro.

He did not go to bed. He could not sleep. He felt as if he could never sleep again.

The night wore away, the day dawned.

He paused before a mirror and contemplated his reflection. He looked as if he had been through a week's debauch. Haggard, hollow-eyed, and sallow, he shrank even from regarding the picture of himself. He dressed himself carefully and tumbled his bed to make it look as if he had slept in it—he always considered trifles—and then sat down to await the movement of the household.

At eight o'clock he descended to his breakfast. Lord Thorncombe had not yet risen. Dalryell ate his meal, and then sallied forth into the street.

At the nearest cab-stand he procured a hansom, and proceeded in it to Camberwell Road.

He was admitted into the house occupied by Mrs. Flint, and hastened up to her parlour.

She was in an inner room, Lolette's bedroom, but on hearing the door open and close she came into the parlour.

It was plain that she also had not slept. Her hair, scanty and streaked with grey, hung loosely about her head. Her nose and her small eyes were alike red and swollen.

She started back in terror of her visitor, whose fierce and sinister aspect might well have frightened a bolder woman.

"Oh, Mr. Dalryell!" she whimpered, "have mercy on me! I never thought you meant to marry her; that was all your own doing!"

"Peace!" he said. "How is she—Lolette?"

"Better, sir; but I've been up with her every moment of this terrible night. I had a doctor to see her, and the way she went on between the fits was awful. She shamefully abused me—me, sir, as have been a mother to her, and she takes on awful about

Jack Cartwright, her own father. What I've suffered can't be told."

"And what you are to suffer will be a thousand-fold worse. Lord Thorncombe is going to send his lawyer to question you. You will be taken to jail for a conspiracy to foist a murderer's daughter into Miss Berwyn's place. Your past history will be raked up. If you ever did any wrong in your life you'll be punished for that now."

The woman fell on her knees.

"Oh, mercy, mercy!" she gasped.

"Will Lolette die?"

"No, sir. She's asleep now. The doctor won't come again. He says she'll do."

"It was the other child who was Blanche Berwyn?"

The woman sobbed an affirmative.

"Where is that child?"

Dalyell spoke like a judge; she answered like a convicted criminal sentenced to die.

"I sold her to a lady—"

"I've heard that before. A lady's carriage nearly ran over a child in the street. The lady brought the child home, took a fancy to it, and returned next day with her husband and a lawyer, and formally adopted the little one, paying you a handsome sum of money for her. That you have told me before. Also that the child was called Joanna Ryan. I now learn that Joanna Ryan and Blanche Berwyn were one and the same. But what was the name of the lady who adopted little Miss Berwyn?"

"It was Mrs. Paulet, sir."

Dalyell started.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"Mrs. Paulet, sir. Her name was Mrs. Diana Paulet. Her husband's name was Mr. William Paulet."

A great change came over Dalyell's face.

"Where did they live?" he asked.

"On the Continent somewhere, sir. They went back on the very day they adopted the child."

"And you never saw any of them since?"

"I said so once, but I did see Mr. Paulet in the street last year. He stopped me and asked me something about Blanche's parentage. He had lost the statement I gave his wife with the child, and I—the fiend tempted me, I suppose, for I had no actual reason—I told him that her real name was Mary Cartwright, and that she was the daughter of Jack Cartwright, who was hanged for murder."

"You told him this?"

The woman groaned assent.

Dalyell's eyes gleamed.

He held the clue of the whole mystery in his hands. He had seen Diana Paulet, now the bride of Sir Hugh Redmond. She had been for one brief hour or less the bride of his own brother, Philip Ryve.

And Diana Paulet was the high-bred beauty Lord Thorncombe and he had noticed in the park during the previous summer, and who had made so strong impression on the minds of both. Diana Paulet was really Blanche Berwyn, Lord Thorncombe's descendant and heiress!

The fact could be proved without Mrs. Flint's assistance. It must remain a secret in his keeping. It would go hard but he would use his knowledge to secure his fortunes.

His plans were not fully formed. Only one thing was sure; he must be rid of Mrs. Flint, immediately, before Mr. Keene could see her.

These thoughts gave a peculiarly hard expression to his countenance, and Mrs. Flint believed it boded ill to her. She pleaded again in piteous terms for mercy.

"There is only one way to escape for you," said Dalyell. "You must leave the country and never return to it. And you must take Lolette with you."

"But where can we go? We have no money."

"I will pay your passage and hers to Australia and give you a hundred pounds in money to start you when there. You and Lolette can start a music-hall of your own out there. Take all your clothes with you—everything you own. Do not tell a soul where you are going. You must sail under assumed names, and they had better be unlike. Tell your landlady you are going back to your old lodgings at the West End. I'll go down to the ship with you, but you must be off in an hour."

"We can be off in less time than that," said Mrs. Flint, eagerly. "Our boxes have not been unpacked since we came into this house. We expected to go to Thorncombe House, you know. I'll dress Lolette and see the landlady, and if you'll be back with a four-wheeler in half an hour we'll be ready!"

Dalyell went out, returning with a cab at the time appointed.

He came up to the parlour. Mrs. Flint, all dressed and veiled, stood in the centre of the room. Lolette,

fully dressed also, her veil thrown back, sat in a chair near the door.

"All ready?" said Dalyell.

Mrs. Flint assented.

"Piers," said his wife, fixing her gaze upon him, the boldness and the brightness of her eyes dimmed with tears, "are you going to send me away?"

"Can you not see that this is the only thing left for you to do?" he asked, harshly. "Have you not some sense of decency to warn you that a gentleman does not cling to the woman who has duped him? That a gentleman cannot endure a low-born creature like you as his wife?"

"But I am your wife, Piers. I am not to blame. Only be kind to me and I will be your slave. Let me stay. Speak a kind word to me, and I will worship you!"

Dalyell sneered.

"I thought I was Blanche Berwyn," said the young woman. "She deceived me too. I have been an honest wife, Piers. I haven't cared for love, but now I'm crushed like, all broken down, and I'd kiss your hand for a pleasant look."

"Stop! There's a great gulf between you and me, miserable creature!" said Dalyell. "Do you think I have further words to waste upon the daughter of a convict?"

Lolette uttered a low cry and shrank back in her chair.

"Are you ready?" again demanded Dalyell.

Mrs. Flint seized Lolette by the arm, and the two moved heavily downstairs.

A stout serving-woman came for the wraps and assisted the cabman to carry down the boxes.

Dalyell entered the cab with the women, and they drove to the shipping-office. Here he engaged two berths in the cabin of the "Childeric" for Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Gray, and returned to the vehicle tickets in hand.

They drove next to the docks.

The "Childeric," a great ship now in process of loading, lay in her dock, and the two women and their effects were transferred to her, Dalyell going on board with them.

Their berths were found to be comfortably situated, and Lolette flung herself in here, Mrs. Flint sitting down upon a divan near the window.

"You understand," said Dalyell, dividing the hundred pounds he had promised them equally between them, "that you will be safe so long as you keep out of England, and keep your identities hidden. But venture back to this country, and justice will have its course upon you both!"

Mrs. Flint was only too glad of a way of escape, and looked upon Australia as a very haven of refuge.

Dalyell waited until the process of loading was finished, and the usual cry of "All ashore!" resounded through the vessel. Then, without a word of farewell to the woman who had been—who was—his wife he ascended to the deck and went ashore.

He watched the ship swing slowly out into the stream, under the guidance of a tug-boat, and depart on her way to the sea, and then he walked away, muttering:

"They are got rid of! I shall never see either Lolette or Mrs. Flint again! I am free! And now what am I to do about the real Blanche Berwyn, known as Lady Redmond?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE hour was evening. The time was the last night of October. The stars were shining and the pale moon shed a soft flood of light upon gardens and lawns, upon statuary and fountains, upon the gray old stone mansion and its glittering dependencies, of hot-houses and conservatories.

Young Lady Redmond was seated before a grand piano in the home drawing-room, improvising a strange, sweet melody born of her own thoughts.

Sir Hugh sat at a round table, with a candelabra of wax-lights behind his shoulder, apparently absorbed in the contents of a London morning journal, but actually watching his bride with passionate intentness.

They had been two weeks married. The relations which Diana had established between them upon their wedding-day remained in full force. Yet no one could have been more attentive than the young baronet, more full of little courtesies, more chivalrously careful to foretell her wants, more watchful of her every change of feature than he.

Yet there was a wall between them which neither ventured to overpass.

Sir Hugh never kissed her; he never forgot even for one moment that Diana had declared her regret for her marriage, and a wish that she were again free.

The household considered them a remarkably happy couple. The butler liked to relate to the housekeeper how "Sir Hugh never took his eyes off

my lady, and it was plain to see that he worshipped her."

The country people who had hastened to call upon the young pair saw nothing amiss in their relations to each other. Diana permitted nothing of her secret anxieties to show itself in her face and manner. No Lady Redmond of all the long line had ever done greater credit to the name than this one. She won golden opinions everywhere for her high-bred manners, her sweet, unflinching courtesy, and her exquisite gentleness. She had not been used to society, but the stately dames who called upon her could not suspect that, she took her place with so much pride and grace and naturalness.

Sir Hugh was very proud of her, and the pain that gnawed in secret at his heart never found outward expression.

The young pair had given a great dinner-party to their friends, with an evening party afterwards. Upon that occasion, for the only time since Diana's arrival at Redmond Hall, the great drawing-room which occupied the entire lower floor of the eastern wing had been illuminated with hundreds of wax candles, and Lady Redmond had played the gracious hostess in a fashion that excited the warmest admiration of her husband and her new friends.

After that display of hospitality they had been invited out every day for nearly a week. This was their first home-evening alone together.

Diana played on dreamily and Sir Hugh listened, his grave, stern face wearing an impassive expression, his eyes only declaring his passionate love for this girl who was as ice to him.

She had told him that she loved no one, and he had set himself deliberately to win her heart. He would be patient, he said to himself, he would wait years, it might be, but surely in the end he must win the only good on earth he craved.

Diana arose from the piano abruptly and went to one of the windows. Then she approached one of the tables and glanced over the contents of a card-basket upon it.

"An invitation to a dinner-party to-morrow," she said aloud, "a ball next day, a breakfast the next day—why, we have half a dozen invitations on hand, Sir Hugh. It is nothing but dissipation here. Your Berkshire friends are very hospitable."

It was always "Sir" Hugh now with Diana—never Hugh.

The young baronet laid down his newspaper.

"Do you not enjoy this merry-making, Diana?" he asked.

"Yes, but it is all play. I want work also," said the girl, wearily. "I want a purpose in life. There is nothing for me to do here, Sir Hugh. The housekeeper makes the post of mistress a mere sinecure. I have learned the names of the two-score servants, and twenty years from now I shall know nothing more of them than their names. Redmond Hall is a sort of fairy-land. I have but to wish—no, I haven't even the trouble of wishing. Every desire is gratified before it is even formed—if that is intelligible!"

"What would you have, Diana?"

"Something to do, beside going to parties and receiving fashionable guests. There is something in life beyond visiting and entertaining. I think, Sir Hugh," said Diana, soberly, "that I should like to start a little school at Dalcot. It is only a mile from the hall, a mere hamlet, with a dame's school for little children, but with no provision for growing girls. I would have a neat school-house built. I would procure efficient teachers, and have these village girls instructed in sewing, as well as in book-knowledge, and make good servants of those who are best fitted to be servants, milliners and dressmakers of those whose fancies tend in those directions. In short, instead of allowing the girls to idle in the streets, as I see they now do, I would fit them to earn their own living in a respectable manner."

"It is a good idea," said Sir Hugh. "But would not the school be a care to you?"

"Yes; but I want some care. I would visit it every morning and inspect the progress of the pupils, encourage teachers and girls, and I should be doing some actual good in the world. These schools are very common, you know. And I really think the school is needed. I have more money than I know what to do with, thanks to your generosity, and I want to benefit others with it."

Sir Hugh made no objections. Indeed, he was glad to have Diana interest herself in her new home and its vicinity, and he promised to send to a London architect for the necessary plans, and to have the school put in process of building without unnecessary delay.

"I'll write to the architect to come and see you, Diana," he concluded. "Upon second thoughts, it will be better for him to consult with you. The larger portion of the village of Dalcot belongs to me, and you may choose for yourself the site for your school. You must allow me to pay for the building,

as my contribution to your good work. If you choose, you shall pay the salaries of your teachers, but you cannot refuse me a share in your project."

Diana assented to his proposals, and they discussed her project at length. They were in the midst of the discussion when, at half-past nine, the tea was brought in. An hour later Diana arose to retire.

Sir Hugh attended her to the door of her boudoir, and there left her. She entered her room and closed the door behind her.

Wax candles were burning on mantel-piece, and table, and in the pendant chandelier, their mellow light reflected in the panelled mirrors on every side. A little fire was burning in the grate. The piano stood open ready for use.

Diana passed into the dressing-room. Annette was there, in the act of laying out her young mistress's night-robe. A dressing-gown lay upon an arm-chair, inviting occupancy.

"You need not wait, Annette," said young Lady Redmond, kindly. "I am not sleepy, and shall sit up late at my piano. You may go to bed, if you like."

Thus dismissed, the girl retired to her own upper chamber.

Left alone, Diana played upon her piano for a while, and when she ceased playing, she went to her writing-desk. She busied herself for some minutes with a letter to Miss Edgely, but tiring of it she went to the window. How beautiful the night was!

The rose-garden all bare and leafless, shut in by its tall rose-hedge, had a strange charm in the soft moonlight and starlight. The fountain was silent. The marble statues upon their pedestals looked whiter than usual, and possessed a beauty which daylight might take from them.

A singular restlessness came upon the girl. Going into her dressing-room, she took from a wardrobe a white opera cloak and flung it around her. A black lace veil was gathered about her head. Gathering up her trained dinner dress upon one arm she opened her little garden door, tripped down the steps and wandered among the paths and in and out of the arbours, feeling as safe as in the seclusion of her locked chamber.

Sir Hugh, looking from his windows, saw her walking among the leafless bushes like a spirit of the night. He watched her in silence. Not for a fortune would he have allowed her to know that he was looking upon her, lest she should lose a sense of the privacy of her garden and wander there no more. He even, in his chivalric sense of honour, withdrew from his window that she might be really alone, as she believed herself.

Diana spent half an hour in the open air and then re-entered her boudoir. As she passed in she left her door ajar inadvertently, and walked on to her dressing-room.

It was half-past eleven o'clock.

"I have walked off my restlessness," she thought, "and am ready to sleep. I miss my old walks on the breezy heath, I think. I must walk more and ride more. It is strange that I have never cared to ride since that fatal day last February when he killed himself."

She flung off her veil and cloak and returned to her boudoir.

And now she noticed that she had not quite closed her garden door.

She moved towards it to shut and secure it, but came to an abrupt halt as she beheld it pushed inward by some one from without.

Before she could spring to her bell-pull or utter a shriek of terror the door was wide open and Fiera Dallyell stood upon the threshold!

"Not a word!" he said, with upraised finger, in a whisper of command. "Not a cry! One sound from you will bring ruin upon your head!"

(To be continued.)

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—It is a choice bit of philosophy to look ever on the bright side of fortune; it is a delightful frame of mind to cultivate, and a most enviable spirit to possess. No matter what apparent troubles may befall us, all is for the best; that which Joseph's brethren performed in the evil of their hearts, Heaven meant unto good. You may rob misfortune of half her power and all her frowns by meeting her with a smiling face. If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth seems dark keep your eye on Heaven. It is true that we cannot at all times be cheerful, or at a moment's notice, but the endeavour to look at the bright side of things will gradually produce the habit. Nothing under Heaven will supply the want of sunshine to ripen peaches; and so with the human heart—cheerfulness is equally indispensable. "The habit of looking on the best side of every event is worth more than a thousand pounds a year," said Doctor John-

son. The industries here does not pause to complain that there are so many thorns and poisonous plants in its way, but busses an industriously, selecting the sweets wherever he can find them. "If good people would but make their goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning," said Archbishop Usher, "how many would they win to the good cause?"

SCIENCE.

BRICKS made in Japan, and paying 20 per cent. duty, are now imported into San Francisco. The quality is superior. Japanese brick-makers can beat the world in the cheapness and excellence of their productions.

METAL GLASS.—Another hard glass, to which the above name has been given, has been produced at Count Solm's works, near Buntzlau, Germany. The tests withstood appear to be about the same as those to which the Bessemer glass was subjected, with the exception, however, that the metal glass is indifferent to cold water when highly heated. The Bessemer glass breaks under similar conditions.

COPYING PENCILS.—Pencils are now sold by stationers, the marks of which may be copied in the same manner as writing made by the pen with ordinary copying ink. The method of preparing the leads is as follows: A thick paste is made of graphite, finely pulverized kaolin, and a very concentrated solution of aniline blue, soluble in water. The mixture is pressed into cylinders of suitable size and dried, when it is ready for use. Gum arabic, it is said, may be substituted for the kaolin.

PICTORIAL TILES.—A comparatively new mode of employing tiles for the lining of rooms has been introduced. The tiles are placed together in their unglazed state, and a picture is painted upon them in colours suitable for firing. They are then taken asunder and put into the furnace, and then subjected to great heat and glazed. If this is successfully accomplished, the tiles can now be fixed against the wall of the room and present an absolutely indestructible decoration, which can be washed as often as it is needed, though from its high gloss it is not easily apt to catch dirt.

AN ALLOY OF COPPER ADHERENT TO GLASS.—An alloy of copper which adheres to glass or porcelain is made by mixing from 20 to 30 parts of copper in powder, (obtained by the reduction of the oxide by hydrogen or by the precipitation of the sulphate by zinc) with sulphuric acid and then with 7 parts of mercury. The mixture is triturated and mingled with care. The acid is removed by washing in hot water, and the mass allowed to dry. At the end of 10 or 12 hours the latter becomes quite hard and susceptible to a fine polish. On heating it softens, but on cooling does not contract. This alloy may also be used for joining delicate objects which will not withstand very light temperatures.

A ROMAN TUNNEL IN ALGERIA.—Several civil engineers, engaged with the surveys for a water conduit from Tenja to Bougie, have made a very interesting and important discovery. A mountain which was situated in the proposed line of the conduit was to be tunneled for a length of 600 yards; and in searching for the most suitable place the engineers discovered an ancient tunnel 6 feet 8 inches in height, and 19 feet 7 inches in circumference. It is supposed that this is the same tunnel mentioned in an epigraph found at Lambéce, according to which the tunnel was built in the reign of Antoninus Pius, the plans being proposed by a veteran of the Third Legion, named Nonus Datus. Finding works like this after a time of 2,000 years, we cannot but be greatly astonished at the power, energy, and genius of a nation which produced, with the limited means available at these times, such gigantic structures.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF COAL.—A most important discovery of coal has just been made at the trial borings on the estate of the Cannock and Huntington Colliery Company, and which is sure to prove of great advantage to South Staffordshire. After boring for two years, and overcoming very great difficulties, the Diamond Rock Boring Company, to whom the Cannock and Huntington Colliery Company entrusted the work of testing their estate, have found a bed of coal five feet thick at a depth of 435 feet. The company's estate, which lies to the east of the fault running north and south under the Huntington belt, and about a mile to the west of the West Cannock Colliery Company's workings, has hitherto been considered barren ground, but the present discovery will go a long way towards solving the question whether coal may not be found on a tract of the untitled land towards the north-east of Wolverhampton. The Cannock coal-field, by the new find, is thus carried another step towards Shropshire, over a fault, and on ground which has never been worked before. The discovery fully justifies

the opinion expressed by the mining engineers, who reported upon the estate, that there was coal beneath it, and the information will, no doubt, be a surprise to many shareholders, as it was not expected that coal would be found until a lower depth had been reached. We believe that plans and specifications for workings have been prepared, and no doubt operations will be commenced, now that the coal has been found, without further loss of time.

HEAVY VERSUS LIGHT TOOLS.—The great end at which all improvements aim is the maximum of power combined with the minimum of materials and weight. A man shovelling coal with a shovel one pound heavier than it should be will lift 5,000 pounds more in a day of ten hours than he would do with a suitable shovel. All this strength is wasted. The same is true of machinery. So simple a thing as an unlubricated pulley is felt in the furnace, and the cost of the coal is augmented. Every useless pound in a truck or carriage takes vitality from the horse which draws it, and costs the owner extra for his keeping. The man who pulls an ear in a boat race puts himself in training and reduces every ounce of surplus flesh. The racing horse carries not one extra ounce of fat to burden him in the effort to win. Yet working men will carry through half their lives fifty pounds more flesh than is needed for the best working condition, a burden which tells against their efficiency and personal comfort through many years of their industrial life.

OCEAN SOUNDINGS.

COMMANDER C. D. STORRE has given us the results of an excellent winter's work in running lines of soundings in the Gulf of Mexico. These deep sea examinations are the first ever made in that portion of the ocean, and consequently, in points of novelty, are on a par with those of Commander Belknap of the bed of the Pacific. Steel pianoforte wire, No. 22 gauge and weighing but 14½ lbs. to the mile, was employed as a sounding line with uniform success, even in heavy seas.

The results show that the slope of the delta of the Mississippi is gradual, and that the deepest water in the vicinity is on a prolongation of the axis of South Pass. At the end of that line, 120 miles distant from South Pass lighthouse, the depth was 1,632 fathoms. The limiting lines of the system of lines, which was run by the "Blake," extend (magnetic) east, half-mile south of Pass à l'Ouvre, at the end of which was found 426 fathoms, and south-west of Southwest Pass, which ended in 608 fathoms. On the latter line was found the only abrupt irregularity of the bottom found off the delta.

Up to April, the currents immediately off the passes set generally to the westward, after which they appeared to set gradually to the eastward. On May 4th, the "Blake" commenced a line between Southwest Pass and Rio Grande. Until half the distance between the ends of the line had been passed the depths were not great; but afterward the line deepened, the greatest depth on the line being 900 fathoms. About 105 miles from the Rio Grande, at seventeen miles from the Southwest Pass lighthouse, the water had deepened to 32 fathoms, after which it shoaled gradually to as little as 18 fathoms, and 30 fathoms was not reached again until ninety-four and a half miles from the lighthouse.

On May 6th, a sounding was got in 37 fathoms, the sounding rod bringing up hard bottom—crinoidal shells, etc.—(the only instance in which hard bottom was obtained during the season Tortugas was nearest). At a sounding in 533 fathoms, in latitude 27 deg. 07 sec. north, longitude 94 deg. 35 sec. 15 min. west, the sounding rod brought up dark mud, or, ooze, which emitted so offensive an odour as almost to drive the people from the fore-castle, where the sounding operations are carried on. The odour soon passed away.

On May 16th commenced the longest line run during the season, that from the Rio Grande to Tortugas, a distance of about 760 miles; 100 fathoms was not reached until about forty miles from the Rio Grande; the water then deepened rapidly. At about 100 miles from the Rio Grande the depth was 339 fathoms, whereas the previous and following soundings were respectively 1,385 fathoms and 1,648 fathoms. This was the only marked peculiarity of the bottom found on the line; soundings varied from 1,600 to 2,100 fathoms, the bottom being undulating apparently. No northern extension of the bank of Yucatan was discovered. The great depths were 2,008 fathoms, 2,321 fathoms, 2,616 fathoms, and 2,119 fathoms. The average specific gravity of the water of the Gulf is about 1.0265.

The following is an example of the quickness with which the "Blake" does her work: On one occasion she got the following results in actually one hour from the time of stopping the engines to sound

to the time of steaming ahead again: A sounding in 1,500 fathoms, with a specimen of the bottom, water specimens, and temperature, at the surface and at the following depths in fathoms: 100, 500, 600, 900, 1,200, 1,500. There were but seven men on the watch to accomplish this.

A REMARKABLE map, of somewhat painful interest, exhibited at the Geographical Congress just held in Paris, was one from Norway, on which was shown the havoc occasioned by thunderbolts striking the churches in that country.

The powerful effect of compressed air in delaying or arresting the decomposition of meat appears to be demonstrated by some experiments recently brought to the attention of the French Academy of Sciences by M. Bert, who stated that meat had been preserved fresh for an entire month in compressed oxygen.

EVERY one of the large towns of England except Bristol suffers an excess of deaths above the average during the period of high temperatures in summer. So says Mr. Alexander Buchan, of the Scottish Meteorological Society. This summer excess disappears, however, if from the total mortality we deduct the deaths of children under one year of age.

A NOVEL scientific use has been found for balloons in France. M. Wilfrid de Fonvielle, the well-known astronomer and meteorologist, recently made a balloon ascent at night near Paris, in order to observe meteorites, of which he saw forty-two between ten o'clock in the evening and four o'clock in the morning. It is believed that scarcely any of them would have been visible from the surface of the earth.

THE quantity of water in the Danube, and in the rivers, streams and springs of Austria generally, has so materially diminished as to demand investigation into the causes of the decrease. Careful inquiries have been instituted by the Imperial Academy of Sciences, at Vienna and other scientific bodies, on whose part there is an evident inclination to attribute diminution of the water supply to the reckless devastation of the forests.

COFFEE IN QUEENSLAND.—The coffee plant has been grown in Queensland for some years, but it is only of late that its cultivation has been attempted with a view to its exportation as a commercial article, and we now learn that the plants have become attacked by blights, or fungus, which has given rise to some anxiety and inquiry as to whether the disease is identical with the *Hemileia vastatrix*, which has proved so destructive to coffee plants in Ceylon. We shall probably soon hear more about this.

TWO remarkable showers of hay lately occurred in different parts of Great Britain. One was at Monkstown, in Ireland, where small masses and pieces of wet hay, the largest of which weighed perhaps two ounces, were seen to come "floating slowly down through the air from a great height, appearing as if falling from a very heavy dark cloud, which hung over the house" of the observer. The other was at the town of Wrexham, in Denbighshire. Each was probably due to a whistled which lifted the hay right into the air at a considerable distance from the scene of the shower.

A FRENCH physician has advanced the theory that the playing of wind instruments is not only harmless to persons with weak lungs, but actually benefits those suffering from pulmonary complaints. This view is contrary to the opinion commonly maintained on the subject. A manufacturer of wind instruments informed him that his workmen always enjoyed choleraic immunity as well as freedom from consumption and other lung affections—that is, all those whose business it was to test the instruments, and who were for that purpose compelled to blow for hours at a time.

In the report, for the present year, of the British consul at the Balearic islands, are some interesting statements concerning the olea tree of Majorca, the largest island of this Mediterranean group. Although the olive is raised upon this tree, it originally grows wild in the mountains, where it bears a fruit which produces no oil whatever. The art of grafting, which, according to tradition, was taught to the islanders by the Carthaginians, enabled them to use the olea as a stock for the olive, a fruit previously unknown in the islands. The consul, however, mentions olive trees of gigantic dimensions in Majorca, some so large that it would require the outstretched arms of six men to encircle their trunks; and an intelligent Majorcan farmer, when asked how old these trees were, answered—"I believe they may well date from the time of the flood."

SOME remarkable instances of the complete extinction of certain forms of animal life in particular localities are given by Dr. Albert Günther in a paper on gigantic land tortoises, printed in "Nature" in advance of its appearance in the "Philosophical Transactions." Toward the end of the seventeenth

century, on the island of Rodriguez, in the Indian Ocean, so numerous were these tortoises, and so extraordinary was their size, that a French traveller, writing in 1691, said: "You see two or three thousand of them in a flock, so that you may go above a hundred paces on their back." They were at that time found in the Mauritius in equal numbers, and ships leaving that island then frequently carried away upwards of four hundred of these creatures. Less than two centuries have passed away, and there is not left a single living land tortoise of this kind in Mauritius or Rodriguez.

THE King of Siam has sent to England, as a present to the Royal Society, the two photographs of the solar corona taken under his direction by two princes during the total eclipse of the sun, which was visible in his dominions on the sixth of April last. They are pronounced equal to those secured by the English expedition. The king assembled all the royal household on the lawn in front of his palace at Bangkok, and as the total phase of the eclipse approached he delivered an address to them explaining the object of observing solar eclipses at all, and the reasons why large amounts of money were expended for the purpose. This spectacle of a sovereign as a scientific lecturer is a pleasing novelty in the annals of royalty. The King of Siam is not only an amateur astronomer, however, but is much interested in other sciences. He is to have a chemical laboratory in the palace; and at present the members of his body-guard are being instructed in surveying. The second king is a mineralogist, and has a large collection of native minerals.

COLLOIDION.—Few bodies are more easily electrified than collodion. With the least friction by the hand, the membrane adheres to the fingers. If a collodion sheet be fixed, like a flag, to a glass tube, and waved in dry and hot air, it is electrified. Other uses of collodion sheets, here mentioned, are in experiments on polarization of light. M. Gripen prepares these sheets by dissolving 1.5 to 1.7 grains gun cotton in a mixture of 30 grains alcohol and 50 grains ether. The collodion is poured on a glass plate after the latter has been brushed upon so as to receive a coating of moisture. When—after some hours—the collodion is dry, the plate is put in water, and a sheet of paper having been applied and attached to the collodion by the edges, the film is drawn off with the paper.

MACHINE BUILDERS AT THE CENTENNIAL.—According to the latest reports, applications for space in the machinery department of the Centennial are coming in fairly from all branches of mechanical industries, except from the mining tool, chemical apparatus, leather-dressing, embroidery, and jewellery-making machine manufacturers, and, strange to add, the boiler men. More boilers are wanted to supply the 500 horse power. The fact is remarkable, as there is no lack of excellent though different forms of boilers, and certainly no lack of competition between their makers. The iron and wood working people are sending in twice as many applications as any other class. Pumps and printing presses are likewise at the front. The locomotive interests are well looked after, but still are behind expectation. The latter is the case with the silk, cotton, woollen, rubber, and paper machines, only forty applications in these great classes of mechanism having been received. The ship builders are tardy; but there are indications of a good show of pleasure boats. Clock manufacturers are plentifully heard from.

IMPROVED FLOODWAY FOR WAREHOUSES.—It is frequently the case when small conflagrations break out in buildings that the water thrown in to extinguish the fire does more damage than the flames themselves. Regulating through flooring, it deluges the apartments and their contents below, ruining plastering and soaking goods and furniture, often despite the efforts of the insurance patrol to save the latter from injury. The same takes place when, through freezing or other causes, the water pipes burst, in case of an overflow of tanks, basins, etc., or when bad leaks occur in the roof, necessitating considerable outlays for repairs or to cover the losses. A new invention has for its objects the prevention of this flooding. It consists of a metallic pipe leading continuously from the top floor of the building to the street sewer or drain. Metallic water ways or collecting basins are sunk in each floor at the point where the pipe passes through, and these communicate with the pipe by a suitable opening in the latter, which is covered with wire gauze to prevent the entrance of obstacles. Each basin is provided with a grated cover.

JAPANESE VARIETATED FOIL.—Thirty or forty thin plates of gold, silver, copper and various alloys are laid one over the other in a given order and soldered together at the edges so that the whole forms a stout plate of metal. Punches in various shapes, conical, pyramidal, with triangular, square, or pentagonal sides, are now used to make a pattern of per-

forated figures, which exhibit on their inner sides concentric circles, triangles and other forms corresponding to the punches used. The plate so prepared is hammered and rolled until it has become quite thin, the holes disappear and the figures have spread out, preserving, however, their parallelism. A number of broken, straight and curved lines are thus produced, their effect being further enriched by the use of acids to modify the colours. Thin plates prepared in this way have an extremely flexible nature, admitting relief, with stamped or engraved designs, and capable of receiving the most varied colours and forms, will have many uses in decorative art.

SULPHUR IN COAL-GAS.—By the present system of gas making it seems impossible for gas manufacturers altogether to prevent sulphur, in the form of bi-sulphide of carbon, from contaminating the gas, and as Parliament has fixed for the metropolitan companies a limit for the impurity beyond which they may not go, it is a desideratum to have a simple and approximately correct process for the estimation of the amount of impurity. It is founded upon the following facts:—When bi-sulphide of carbon is heated in presence of hydrogen, it is decomposed into sulphuretted hydrogen, and this sulphuretted hydrogen has the property of converting a lead salt into the black sulphide of lead. The estimation is made in the following manner:—A volume of coal-gas is passed through a flask filled with small pebbles, kept at a low red heat, when the above reaction takes place; the gas is then passed through a solution containing a lead salt, until a definite brown or black tint is produced. This tint is compared with a standard colour, and the amount of sulphur in the gas is calculated from this.

PRESERVATION OF CUT FLOWERS.

THE best method of keeping cut flowers fresh ought to be known by all who are fond of floral decorations. Of course, to those who possess large gardens and plant-houses from which to cut daily this is not so much an object; still, even these may require to send or take flowers some distance, and, unless they are properly packed or preserved, they will, at the end of a long journey, be quite faded and worthless.

Where it is possible, flowers should always be cut from plants which have been well hardened off; in some instances, with flowers and foliage, this is not practicable, but as far as possible avoid those growing in a strong stove heat. In ferns, well-matured fronds only should be cut, as young fronds are certain to shrivel up a few hours after being cut, and consequently spoil the effect of any decoration in which they may be employed. The stems of all flowers and ferns should be severed with a sharp knife and not with a pair of scissors, the reason of this being that all stems have minute tubes or veins, through which when cut they draw moisture; if these be severed with a sharp knife they remain open, but if cut by scissors they are crushed and become closed, so that they cannot draw up the moisture; consequently they fade in a much shorter space of time than they would otherwise do.

Many flowers are made to last a much longer time than they otherwise would by means of wiring and gumming, but this comes more under the head of mounting and preparing than preserving. Some think charcoal and sal-ammoniac, if placed in water, preserve flowers; but we have tried this and many other methods and found nothing better than spring water as cold as possible.

Where small floral arrangements are employed it will be found a good plan in the evening to let the blooms out of the vases and place them in a basin of fresh water to stand all night, and submerge the fern fronds; then in the morning fill up the vases with fresh water and, before the flowers are about to be arranged in them, cut both their stems and those of the ferns afresh in a slanting direction; the removal of the smallest piece of stem will be enough, for it is only to keep the tubes of the stems open that this is done, as they become closed after being in the water a certain time, and so cannot draw up the moisture required to keep the blooms fresh. Vases of flowers can be kept fresh for a week at a time if they are thus treated.

Flowers cannot be packed to pass safely through the post and arrive fresh at their destination by a little care and management. Roll each flower in a piece of wet cotton wool, and pack them in a small tin canister, of about 1 lb. capacity, not too tightly, but so they will not shake about, and a dozen gas-jenies can easily be packed in one such box without crowding. Having put on the lid, cork up the box and paper it, leaving the ends open, and the flowers will arrive at their destination at the end of three days as fresh as when packed. If this practice were more generally adopted, many could, in large towns, receive fresh flowers from the country.



[IMPROVING THE OCCASION.]

CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

HARVEY BRUCE stood at the corner of the street, down which he had walked in an angry humour, and waited for the omnibus; while he waited he twirled his cane, twisted his moustache, and—yes, it must be confessed—he bit his nails, but then he was in a very bad temper.

It was a lovely spring morning, the air was fresh and balmy, and even in the town there was a fragrance stirring like the breath of flowers.

When Harvey glanced up an instant to pay his fare after entering the omnibus he found himself seated directly in front of a very pretty girl. She looked in another direction immediately—he hated pretty girls—one of them had just proved the bane of his existence.

He was a spoiled youth, who had been brought up in idleness, to consider himself the prospective heir of a rich old curmudgeon of an uncle, but within the week all his prospects in life were changed—his uncle had declared him a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and threatened to disinherit him in favour of the daughter of an old friend, who had some years ago been left to his guardianship, and who had just returned from boarding-school. A pretty girl she was—so Harvey was told—and, naturally enough, he hated pretty girls, and expressed the cynical belief that she would doubtless try her charms on her rich old guardian, marry him, and so enjoy his wealth without waiting for his death.

But however much a young fellow may hate pretty girls in the abstract, or even in a particular instance, it is more or less difficult to avoid looking at one when she is seated directly opposite and is so very pretty that not only she, but everything she wears, and the very air about her, seems lovely—as if by some subtle magnetism her whole surroundings partook of her beauty. Harvey, with an impatient sigh,

resigned himself to fate, and found himself furtively gazing and taking a mental inventory of the young lady's charms.

She looked the embodiment of the bright spring morning—so young, so fresh, so sweet. She was probably twenty, but, as so often happens in the case of English girls, she looked younger; she was tall, as he could easily judge, although she was seated; quite slender, but not thin, with a charming willowy grace of figure that when she occasionally moved her pretty head or bent it forward gave her the look of a flower bending on its stem.

Her features in detail Harvey didn't notice, except her eyes, which were large, gray, fringed by dark lashes, and surmounted by lovely brows, arched and delicately outlined. Her rich nut-brown hair was tied back with a ribbon, forming a clustering knot of curls, half-hiding a slender white neck. A white straw hat of the fashion called gipsy, and trimmed with a wreath of wild-flowers, was tied down over her curling hair so as slightly to shade her face and lend the eyes looking out from it an arch, half-roguish expression.

She was dressed very simply, entirely in white, her costume being a suit of what ladies call pique; but Harvey neither knew nor cared what it was; the general effect was all that he perceived, and he was forced to acknowledge to himself that he had never seen a lovelier girl. He made the acknowledgment under protest, however, declaring to himself that he hated pretty girls, and emphasizing the declaration with a scowl at his fair vis-à-vis, while he thought, "No doubt Rose Ellis, his uncle's ward, was just such a girl," although that could scarcely be possible, for he had stigmatized that unhappy young female as a designing minx, quite capable of everything under-handed and vile.

He turned his scowling countenance resolutely away, determined to waste no more time in the useless

employment of watching a thing so utterly useless and treacherous as all pretty girls of necessity must be. Harvey looked out of the window, and turned his attention to the state of the weather, which was suddenly giving signs of the proverbial fickleness of its disposition. The sky was already overcast, and a few large drops of rain were slowly plashing down on the pavement.

He gave a hurried glance at the pretty girl, and thought with malicious satisfaction that she would get wet through—all her pretty dress and hat, and fair spring freshness; and then where would be her beauty? How infinitely preferable if she could change costumes with the vinegar-faced lady at her side, who was draped from head to foot in waterproof.

The pretty girl looked about from side to side and out of the window in evident perplexity; and I hope you won't think Harvey utterly depraved, but he actually enjoyed her discomfiture.

Presently she signalled the conductor to stop, and got up, slowly unfurling a pretty but inefficient sunshade.

The omnibus stopped, she stepped forward, and at the very instant the rain descended in a flood, and all Harvey's bad temper disappeared—washed away for ever, for he was really a gentleman and a thoroughly good fellow. He sprang forward, stepped out of the omnibus, assisted the young lady to the pavement, carefully protecting her pretty hat with the little sunshade, and, as fortune favoured him, he spied an awning, thrown out by a friendly shopkeeper, beneath which he hurried his fair companion, and which afforded them sufficient shelter till the shower was over.

Perhaps it was the reaction from his previous bad temper—for there are more ways than one of catching a heart in the rebound—or perhaps it was the sweet, appealing look of his companion's face when she looked up at him, but whatever it might be Harvey Bruce proceeded then and there to fall in love, utterly, hopelessly, in that headlong manner peculiar to the youth who has never before slipped on that quicksand.

The shower continued about fifteen minutes, and during that time Harvey had considerably advanced his acquaintance with the young lady who was his enforced companion during its duration. He had a good deal of tact—for a man—and nothing he said or did was calculated to shock the young girl's sense of delicacy, or make her feel in the least that they were too entirely strangers for any conversation save commonplaces to pass between them; but just at the last, when the rain was quite over, and a bright sunshine was already drying up the pavements, Harvey said:

"I know you will not misunderstand what I am going to say; but I feel that I must really thank you for doing me a great service."

She looked up at him with her lovely gray, appealing eyes, that seemed to question him without the need of words.

"Yes," he went on, "when I first saw you this morning I was in so bad a temper that the very sight of you was hateful to me—"

"Of me?" she interrupted, in surprise; "why, I never saw you before."

"Nor I you. But I would have felt just the same if you had been an angel, as indeed you look. It was because you were so sweet and lovely-looking that I hated you—no, pray pardon me and let me make my confession complete. It will do me good. I am, in truth, a sad, good-for-nothing dog, having never been taught to be anything else, and because a rich old uncle has threatened to disinherit me in favour of a certain young girl, a ward of his, unless I make a better use of my life, I was mean enough to—well, to hate the sight of you and every pretty girl in creation. I know you despise me. I can see it in your face."

His listener had flushed a lovely pink all over her face to the very roots of her hair. She gave a little, constrained laugh.

Harvey thought, miserably:

"She thinks me a mercenary scamp and detests me accordingly."

He hastened to add:

"Pray do not think worse of me than I deserve. It wasn't entirely the money I cared for; but it seemed a little unjust to expect great things of me when I had never been taught to do anything."

"It was unjust, and I'm not thinking badly of you at all. I think it was quite natural you should feel as you did—for a little while."

"Only a little while. Yes, I vow to you it was only a little while; and now I am cured for ever. I know I shall never feel so again. You will say good-bye to me. I know I am acting in a very unconventional manner, but perhaps I shall never see you again, and I can never forget that the gentle spirit shining out of your sweet eyes has exorcised a

demon in my heart. Give me leave to think of you—for indeed I must."

"Then it is useless to forbid you," she answered, with a shy smile, and the roguish look stealing into her eyes.

She put out her slender, ungloved hand, and Harvey clasped it reverently—adoringly.

"May I not even know your name?" he asked.

"My name is Mary—if you ever think of me, think of me by that name, and as one who will feel proud to know that you have fulfilled the highest expectations of your best friends."

She drew her hand quickly from his, turned and walked rapidly away.

Harvey stood and watched her out of sight, and though she seemed to take the sunlight with her his heart was not heavy. All that was best and noblest in his nature had waked to sudden, ardent life; he felt that his had been a useless, worthless existence, and he determined it should be so no longer; and if he should ever see her again—this lovely, incomparable, but indefinite Mary—he must have earned the right to look deep into those earnest eyes, and tell her he was such a man as dared to aspire to her favour and claim her for his own.

You see there was a great deal of the poet about Harvey, or he could not so easily have built such magnificent structures with such meagre and insufficient means; but there was also a good deal of solid worth, and when that exists, whatever be the motive power that sets the machinery going, it is apt to produce good results. Harvey read, studied, wrote—he cultivated every power of his brain; he stored his mind with knowledge; he began to be talked about as the rising litterateur of the day; several of his poems were copied into influential journals with words of praise most grateful to the young poet's heart.

Like a greater brother in letters, the name of Mary was a magic sound to him; he worshipped her in private and in public, his muse loved to sing her charms, and her fair young face floated for ever before his mind's eye.

Although the thought of her was never absent from his mind, and he longed exceedingly to see her again, it did not at first render Harvey unhappy that he had never again met Mary; he revelled in his love for her, but his passion at length became a devouring flame, and he grew to pine for her as the one thing which could render his life complete.

He went everywhere in the hope of meeting her, but was constantly disappointed; he entered the lists of the lecture field, which had always presented attractions to him, and he carried off honours both lasting and valuable—but never, though he seemed to see every female face in his audiences, did he behold that of Mary. He began to think that she was but a vision, who had dawned upon him to rescue his spirit from bitterness and resentment, and having fulfilled her mission had vanished to more ethereal abodes than those of earth, and where she seemed to belong.

Harvey had during this time received many complimentary messages from his uncle; but he had replied to none, although he bore no ill-feeling toward his relative, but on the contrary thanked him as having been the indirect means of helping him to a useful and independent life.

On his return from his lecture tour he made up his mind to visit Mr. Templemore; and, having invited himself to dinner one day, he shook hands with his uncle for the first time in three years. The old gentleman had prepared a sumptuous dinner, but no guests were invited.

"I wanted to have you all to myself this first time, my boy. After this we can make a distinguished guest of you; but this time I determined we should be alone—except my ward, and I wouldn't have had her only she's in the house, and I couldn't get rid of her. Ah! here she is—Miss Rose Ellis, this is my nephew, Mr. Harvey Bruce."

Harvey heard the once hated name with indifference and rose to greet its owner, he bowed formally, and then raised his eyes to her face. The same—the very same. It seemed as if all the years since then had been a dream, and he only now opened his eyes to look on reality.

She was dressed in white, a knot of violets breathed their fragrance from the lace scarf that encircled her throat, and the heavy mass of curling hair was tied back with a ribbon in the same girlish fashion that he always saw it, sleeping or waking.

Harvey was very deeply moved—too deeply for words. He stepped forward and clasped her hand, close and long.

"Why, you two seem to know each other. Have you met before?" Mr. Templemore asked.

"Just once, dear," Miss Ellis said, smiling at her guardian, the withdrawing her hand very gently, even tenderly.

She sat down to dinner, opposite Harvey, who dined

for the most part by long and rapturous glances at her lovely face.

Mr. Templemore fell asleep after dinner, and his ward threw her lace handkerchief over his face.

Then Harvey drew her away into a secluded corner of the room.

"But you told me your name was Mary," he said.

"So it is—Rose Mary Ellis."

"Rosemary—that's for 'remembrance.' Ah! my darling! not even your name is needed as a remembrance of you to me. Oh, Mary, how I have loved you these three long years!"

The reader knows how Harvey had fallen in love at once, and as Mary had been falling in love ever since she had had time to do it thoroughly.

Before Mr. Templemore woke they had compared notes, and if they were caught in a shower again, it was a shower of kisses. C. C.

THE CAMPHOR TREE OF SUMATRA.

AMONG the most luxuriant and valuable trees of the island of Sumatra the first place belongs to this one, the camphor tree. The tree is straight, extraordinarily tall, and has a gigantic crown, which often overtops the other woody giants by a hundred feet or so. The stem is sometimes twenty feet thick.

According to the natives there are three kinds of camphor tree, which they distinguish from the outward colour of the bark, which is sometimes yellow, sometimes black, and often red. The bark is rough and grooved, and is overgrown with moss. The leaves are of a dark green, oblong oval in shape, and pointed; they smell of camphor, and are besides, hard and tough. The outward form of the fruit is very like that of the acorn, but it has around it five petals: these are placed somewhat apart from each other, and the whole in form much resembles a lily. The fruit is always impregnated with camphor, and is eaten by the natives when it is well ripened and fresh.

The amazing height of the tree hinders the regular gathering; but when the tree yields its fruit, which takes place in March, April, or May, the population go out to collect it, which they speedily effect, as, if the fruit be allowed to remain four days on the ground it sends forth a root of about the length of a finger, and becomes unfit to be eaten.

Among other things, this fruit, prepared with sugar, furnishes a tasty confection or article of confectionery. It is very unhealthy to remain near the camphor tree during the flowering season, because of the extraordinary hot exhalations from it during that period. The greater the age of the tree the more camphor it contains. Usually the order of the rajah is given for a number of men, say thirty, to gather camphor in the bush belonging to territory which he claims. The men appointed then seek for a place where many trees grow together, there they construct huts. The tree is cut down just above the root, after which it is divided into small pieces, and these are afterwards split, upon which the camphor, which is found in hollows or crevices in the body of the tree, and, above all, in the knots and swellings of branches from the trunk, becomes visible in the form of granules or grains.

The quantity of camphor yielded by a single tree seldom amounts to more than a half-pound; and if we take into account the great and long-continued labour requisite in gathering it, we have the natural reply to the question why it fetches so high a price. At the same time that the camphor is gathered—that is, during the cutting down of the tree—the oil, which then drips from the cuttings, is caught in considerable quantity.

It is seldom brought to market, because probably the price and trouble of carriage are not sufficiently remunerative. Time out of mind the beautiful clumps and clusters of camphor trees have been destroyed in a ruthless manner; young and old have been felled, and as no planting or means of renewal has taken place, but the growth of trees has been left to nature, it is not improbable that this noble species will ere long wholly disappear from Sumatra.

The method of discovering the camphor is by making a deep incision with a Malay axe, till the camphor is seen. Hundreds of trees may thus be mutilated before the sought-for tree is discovered.

MARRIAGE AFTER DIVORCE.—The registers of marriage in England in 1865 show the marriage in that year of 49 divorced persons. 23 divorced men married spinsters, and 4 divorced men married widows. 17 bachelors and 3 widowers married divorced women. One divorced man married a divorced woman. Half these marriages took place in London.

THE mark which persons who are unable to write

are required to make instead of their signature is in the form of a cross; but this signature is not invariably a proof of such ignorance. Anciently, the use of the mark was not confined to illiterate persons. Among the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. It was, indeed, the symbol of an oath, from its sacred associations, as well as the mark generally adopted. Hence the origin of the expression, "God save the mark," as a form of ejaculation approaching the character of an oath.

REMEMBER ME.—There are not two other words in the language that can recall a more fruitful train of past remembrances of friendship than those. Look through your library, and when you cast your eyes upon a volume that contains the name of an old companion, it will see, Remember me. Have you an ancient album, the repository of mementoes of early affection? Turn over its leaves, stained by the finger of time—sit down and ponder upon the names enrolled on them—each speaks, each says, Remember me. Go into the crowded churchyard, among the marble tombs, read the simple and brief inscriptions that perpetuate the memory of departed ones; they, too, have a voice that speaks to the heart of the living, and says, Remember me. Walk in the scenes of early rambles; the well-known paths of the winding streams, the overgrown trees, the green and gently-sloping banks, recall the dreams of juvenile pleasure, and the recollections of youthful companions: they, too, bear the treasured injunction, Remember me. And this is all that is left of the wide circle of our earthly friends. Scattered by fortune, or called away by death, or thrown without our rank by the changes of circumstances, or of character—in time we find ourselves left alone with the recollections of what they were.

FACETIÆ.

RACK (AND RUN) RENT.—The rent in the "Vanguard."—Fun.

A PARADOX FOR PONSONEY.—Once, when the Queen did write—she did wrong.—Fun.

"UNCO CANNY."

NOBLE SPORTSMAN: "Missed, eh?"

CAUTIOUS KEEPER: "Weel, a' wadna gang quite as faur as to say that, but a' doot ye eav'n exactly hit."—Punch.

"PLEASANT ALL ROUND."

"ENFANT TERRIBLE" (after contemplating visitor for some time): "Oh, Mr. Brown, let's have a game! We've got a whacking big sponge upstairs! I wish you'd sponge on pa now; it'd be such fun! He says you always do at the club!" (Tableau!—Punch.

(LOCK) FINE GRAMMAR.

(A sad fact for the School Board.)

TUGAL: "Dud ye'll ever see the I-oo-na any more before?"

TONAL: "Surely I was."

TUGAL: "Ay, ay! Maybe you was never on board too after thus!"

IN-SOLVENT BEHAVIOUR.—Getting too near the royal yacht.—Punch.

THOUGHT BY A TOURIST.—Too many Cook's excursionists spoil the table d'hôte.—Punch.

INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION BETWEEN GUARD AND PASSENGERS BY RAILWAY.—A tip!—Punch.

COMING DOWN IN THE WORLD.

YEARLY VISITOR TO SEA-SIDE SHOP: "You've not got so many jet ornaments as you used to have, Mrs. Black!"

MRS. BLACK: "Ah, no, ma'am! You remember what a respectable class of goods I used to have. Now folks is satisfied with artificial jewellery at 'alf the price!"—Punch.

IN PROPRIA PERSONA.

FIRST MEDICAL STUDENT: "The British Medical Association appears to countenance vivisection!"

SECOND DITTO: "I should think so, after the way they cut me up at the College!"—Punch.

QUITE CORRECT.

CUSTOMER: "Look here, this photo's abominable! You've made me a perfect fright!"

YOUNG LADY: "Beg pardon, sir—but we thought you wanted one of our guaranteed correct likenesses?"—Fun.

SPECIAL.—It has finally been decided that none of the "newspaper fellows" shall be taken to India in the "Serapis." It will be bad enough for the Prince to have his footsteps remorselessly dogged across the eastern empire, but it would be an awful thing for him to be shut up on board ship with six specials, each trying who could get most copy out of him.

As our Leicester Square reporter remarked when he heard the news, *ca sera pis que all*.—Fun.

IN LUX WAYS.—An illuminated address is to be presented to Mr. Gladstone by a body of well-wishers. Notwithstanding its character, we are sure that the ex-Premier won't make light of it.—Fun.

THE MAIN POINT.—No French horse could expect to win the Leger after crossing the sea. Such a victory would have been a feat of *Leger de main*.—Fun.

"FAST SPOILED."

YOUNG LADY: "No, I don't think I shall bathe, Mrs. Pollard; it spoils my complexion!"

MRS. P: "Spoils your complexion, my dear; why, I've been in the water all my life, and look at mine!"—Fun.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Birds of a feather flock together, but, if you like a comfortable bed, prefer feather to flock.

Honesty is the best policy, but it is not honesty's policy to best.

A prophet has no honour in his own country, but profits are considerably honoured in this.

One man's meat, another man's poison, and one man's meteor's often another man's vesuvian—especially when the one man thinks he has discovered a new one.—Fun.

CONSCIENTIOUS.

MAIDEN LADY: "Well, Patsy, have any of those wicked boys been trying to rob me since?"

CUNSTODIAN: "That young Smith was about here this morning, miss, but the minute he elapped his eyes on me his conscience struck him, miss. And so did I, miss, hard!"—Fun.

ADVANCEMENT OF ART.—An illustrative contemporary is about to issue sketches of all the places in India which the Prince of Wales will visit, and give anticipatory descriptions of the entertainments to be held in his honour. This is taking time by the forelock with a vengeance, and opens up a new field in enterprising journalism. Anticipatory pictures of the Prince's Coronation, the Queen's Funeral, and the Duke of Cambridge's gallant conduct at the battle of Constantinople in 1900, would take well, and there's nothing like being first in the field. Opposition pictorial contemporaries are welcome to the hint.—Fun.

WARRANTED FRESH.—A confectioner who has just been reading Shakespeare in the intervals of business, says it's all nonsense for the bard to talk about custom stalling anyone's infinite variety. It's the lack of custom which would do that.—Fun.

PAROCHIAL.—Guardians of the poor frequently pass a man on from parish to parish in order that he may find his "proper place." Their motives in such cases are of course, pass him on—fun.—Fun.

OUR ZOO-LOGICAL CONTEMPORARY.—The serpent has turned up again with a larger tale than ever. The creature's proportions are of the most accommodating kind, as he daily fills up the space at the editor's disposal.—Fun.

TWO QUOQUE.

THIN GENT (to ditto): "I say, dear boy, you are about the thinnest fellow I ever saw!"

DITTO: "Well, now, that's strange; I was just going to say I could see the sunright through you on to the pavement!"—Fun.

PAPOLOGICAL.

In our first childhood we believe in a rusk, in our second we believe a Ruskin. Something crusty and easily made soft suits us best at both periods of our existence.—Fun.

A SPEECH-OUR ARGUMENT.—The gentleman who attributed his inability to keep his equilibrium when returning from a dinner-party to the fact that he always kept his balance at his tank, now declares that losing it there has made him very steady.—Fun.

NEW SCHOOL BOARD EXERCISE.

SCHOOLMISTRESS: "First boy, spell deg."

FIRST BOY: "D. O. G."

S. M.: "Second boy, spell tree."

SECOND BOY: "T. R. E."

S. M.: "Wrong; third boy, spell tree."

THIRD BOY: "T. R. Double E."

S. M.: "Go up one."

(Boy wishes he could).—Fun.

THE BABY FARM.

MRS. BENJAMIN: "Why not put 'em out of their misery?" No, Mrs. Arington, mamm!—what I says is, let the pore innocents live as long as they can! They'll be took soon enough, bless 'em!—which it's well be known, mam, both to you and me!"—Fun.

AMONG THE DELUSIONS OF THE FEMALE MIND is one that a wife deserted by her husband for seven years and not having heard of him during that period, is at liberty to take a second husband. A wife, the other day, having heard nothing of the husband who had left her twelve years previously, married another husband and applied to the magistrate for a protection order against husband No. 1. "I say, look

here," said the magistrate, "you got out of this, ma'am, as quick as you can, or you'll be indicting yourself for bigamy if you don't take care." She left hastily, and I believe the two husbands have since equally divided her property—neither having any of their own—between them. As yet she herself has not been out in two and carted off, but there's plenty of time.—Judy.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

"Tis many years since off with speed
That famous hare and I
Set out—he took an awful lead,
But now I've passed him by.
So list, oh list, and hold your whist,
And I will tell you why.

That hare made tracks in racing style
"T would do Rons good to see,
And when we'd gone about a mile
It seemed all up with me.
But sure and slow, I am, you know,
I'm here—and where is he?

And so it is in human life—
The plodder gains the day,
Although at outset of the strife
He seems to make no way.
The race that long is for the strong
And steady—not the gay.—Fun.

A MUTUAL VICTORY.

Jones, tired of nagging with his wife, has fled—
At the Antipodes he "hangs his head;"
Yet smiles—and she smiles—for their strife
is past,
And each has t'other "under foot" at last!—Fun.

"CANTAT TACUUS."

ARMED BURGLAR (to Brown, who had pawned his silver watch and his only teaspoon that afternoon to pay the water-rate): "If you don't instantly give up all your plate and jewelry, I'll blow yer brains out!"—Punch.

MUSICAL MEN.—It does not follow, because a person's voice is broken, that he can sing in pieces.—Judy.

HONEST PRIDE.

GRANDFATHER: "Ah! children, it's a fine thing to see you all growing up such fine gals and boys. I ain't felt so proud many a day; no, not since I was chief follower at your poor old granny's funeral, an' had a new black hat for myself an' a gallon o' gin for the mourners!"—Fun.

FAIR DIVISION.

IRISH BUILDER (to labourers aloft): "How many of you is up there?"

LABOURERS (in chorus): "Three!"

IRISH BUILDER: "Shure, that's too many; half of you come down at once!"—Fun.

FOREBIGHT OF IRISH POLICEMAN.

SHORT SCHOOLEBOY (to tall policeman): "I say, you can see that train an awful long way off."

TALL POLICEMAN (to short schoolboy): "Troth, an' I can, master. Many is the time I seen it myself long afore it come in sight at all, at all!"—(A pity he isn't a detective).—Judy.

HEATHEN ON THE INNOCENTS.

"Whom the Gods love die young"—
"Gone to a better place!"

As the keeper said, when he hung
O'er the dead outlaw's face!

Sleep, slaughtered Babes, in peace!
From troubles and woes and ill;

Why mourn such blest release?
Rest ye, poor little Bille!

On the tomb of one or two
"Resurgam" we may write;

"Death, Life's gate" passing through,
Again to see the light.

Innocents, pure of wrong!
As doth the name express,

Had your lives been more long
We might have mourned you less.—Punch.

A STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY.

SCENE—A French shop at the sea-side.

YOUNG LADY (wishing to improve her French): "Oh—er—eaker voo avvy?"

TRADESMAN (wishing to show off his English): "Oh yes, meess—sairtely!"

YOUNG LADY: Alore vooly voo envoyay?"

TRADESMAN: "Valevare you vill please, meess!—Tare?"

YOUNG LADY: "Er—go demary Roo de T'Eckere, newmero?"

TRADESMAN: "Vat vombare, meess?"

YOUNG LADY: "Oh, katter-vang-kangs; vizeerve le Bewro de—"

TRADESMAN: "Yes, meess—in faice of no ofeece

of post.—Vat a beautiful time it make to-day!" etc., etc., etc.—Punch.

ASTONISHING.

Snooks' mother and old Mrs. Stubbs were talking about little babies.

"Why," said Mrs. Snooks, "when I was a baby, they put me in a quart pot, and then put the lid on."

"And did you live?" was the astonishing inquiry of Mrs. Stubbs.

"They tell me I did, and grewed nicely," was the astonishing reply.

"Well, did you ever," and Mrs. Stubbs fell to knitting like one possessed.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

"What business was your father?" asked an imperious colonel, of a modest-looking lieutenant.

"A tobaccoist, sir,"

"What a pity he did not make you one."

"Possibly, sir; and now will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"What was your father?"

"My father was a gentleman, sir," replied the haughty and imperious colonel.

"Well, then, it is a pity he didn't make you one."

A FLAME TO A SAINT.

DAMN SAINT, whom we Protestants even invoke,

Is not this sort of thing a great deal past a joke?

May not the most patient of Jobs complain
Of your far too long protracted rain?

Oh, remember, ere past the season's prime is,
That excellent maxim, "No quid nimis."

Our climate once could boast to be various,
Now all signs are merged in one—Aquarius.

Monopoly so monotonous misses
Approval of all the signs but Pices!

Taurus (Johannes), at the camp,
Has been ploughing an ocean of dirt and damp

And only in damming and trenching been hearty;

Virgo's done out of her garden party;
Leo, his occupation vain,

Shakes more than due drop from his mane;
Libra feels these superfluous showers

The balance upset of the sky's powers.
So does Punct, and hopes the Zodiac soon

May recover the equilibrium of June.
But for you, chief cause of our complaints,

The wettest blanket of all the saints,
Our nature already is far too fond

Of playing Nicke. Beyond
Her spontaneous tribute to the fearful,

Urge not one already nose too cheerful;
Her waterworks need no aid from you:

So drop your water-can,—damp Saint,—do!

—Punch

THE LATEST FASHION.

SCENE—Pall Mall. Nine—three p.m. Perfect Swell discovered lounging down the shady side.

He wears the costume of "Gentleman of the Period." To him enter Imperfect Swell, attired in a suit of huge cheque ditto and a Prussian helmet wideawake hat. They encounter one another.

IMPERFECT SWELL (surprised, but hearty): "Hallo, you here! How are you?"

PERFECT SWELL (amused, but polite): "How are you? (Trying to avoid Imperfect Swell.) Good-bye. See you again soon."

IMPERFECT SWELL (laughing): "I don't think you will for some time. Fact is, I came from Switzerland yesterday, and to-morrow am off to the Highlands. Only passing through, you know."

PERFECT SWELL (making another attempt to get away): "Hope you'll enjoy yourself. Good-bye."

IMPERFECT SWELL (not to be put off): "But I say, look here. Why are you wearing a frock coat and all that sort of thing, eh? Been to a wedding?"

PERFECT SWELL: "No."

IMPERFECT SWELL (surprised): "No! Then why do you wear 'em?"

PERFECT SWELL: "I am wearing them, I suppose, because every fellow wears them. I mean to say—(looking at tourist costume with intention)—they seem to be the sort of things most fellows are wearing just now."

IMPERFECT SWELL (subdued): "Really! Well, you see, I've been away such a long time, that I'm quite out of it. But, I say—what are you doing there. Passing through, eh?"

PERFECT SWELL: "Oh, dear no. Been staying in town for the last three weeks."

IMPERFECT SWELL: "Come, you are joking! Staying in town in October!"

PERFECT SWELL: "Of course. Everybody here.

But I am so sorry. Really must run away—promised to meet a fellow at Prince's at four. Ta, ta!" (Exit with a sigh of relief.)

JARVIS: "Everybody in town. Well, then, the Highlands must wait!" (Exit to "wake up" his tailor. Later in the day he dines at his club (established 187-) in full evening costume, to the surprise of his friends, and the envy of his acquaintances).—Punch.

TOO CUT.

An Irishman was about marrying a girl who had a pretty sum of money. Now the priest, hearing of this, desired to get a part of the money, and told the groom he would charge £1. for performing the marriage ceremony.

"It's rather high, your reverence," said the latter.

"Then I'll not marry you," replied the priest.

"Very well, your reverence, I'll go to some other priest."

"I'll excommunicate you."

"I can go to another church."

"Then I'll not let the girl have you."

"There's plenty of others, your reverence; and I've been thinking, your reverence, that the churches and girls are very much alike—if one won't have ye another will."

SAUSAGE TEA.

A lady has recently had a remarkable experience with a new servant.

"Biddy," said she, one evening, "we must have some sausages for tea this evening. I expect company."

"Yes, ma'am."

The time arrived, and with it the company; the table was spread, the tea was simmering, but no sausages appeared.

"Where are the sausages, Biddy?" the lady inquired.

"And sure they're in the ta-pot, ma'am! Didn't you tell me we must have 'em for ta?"

KISSING A QUAKER.

A lawyer once approached a pretty quakeress, and said she looked so charming he couldn't help giving her a kiss.

"Friend," said she, "thee must not do it."

"Oh, by Heaven, I will."

"Well, friend, as thou has sworn, thee may do it; but thou must not make a practice of it."

A man who married Miss Fage after having courted Miss Lloyd, was told by a friend that it was reported that he was married to Miss Lloyd. "It was a Miss Take, I assure you," replied he.

A young lady who was up with the lark is now down with the rheumatism.

WHY would a spider be a good correspondent? Because it drops a line by every post.

WEATHER OR NOT.

BYSTANDER: "Keep the lid on, old man, or you'll make it weat!"

MILKMAN: "No fear; reckoned on rain, and brought it out over proof."—Fun.

WHEN GREEKS JOIN GREEKS.—As the Greeks in London are about to establish a club, calling it after Byron, it is only fair the post should provide them with a motto. "His pages furnish a plentiful choice. For instance, 'What availed the club?' would not be bad. Or as a certain wealth in 'proverbial wiles and ancient craft,' for which alone Byron declares the subtle Greeks to be renowned, makes it difficult for them to obtain admission to other clubs, nothing could be more appropriate than, 'Oh, Greece! they love thee least who owe thee most.'—Fun.

A LIGHT ANSWER.

"Father, it tells here of illuminated manuscripts, what where they lighted with?"

"With the light of other days, sonny," answered the father.

GEMS.

To be patient under other people's misery is not a very difficult virtue. To begin by professing admiration of reformers, to proceed to disparage them, and presently to entitle them (or at least insinuate that they are) benevolent busybodies, manipulators, tinkers and hobby-riders, moves indignation.

REAL life is only to be found by incorporation in something larger than our own personality, by belonging to a family or society, a science or an art. When we accustom ourselves to look upon any one of them as more important than ourselves we anticipate in it permanence and strength; if not, we vacillate and grow weary and break down. Who tastes of everything gets a distaste for everything.

One day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next disappointed in him. It will be so to the end; and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend

you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you; and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for weakness, foolishness and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

OF A SUMMER GONE.

I REMEMBER a day of a summer gone,

Whose memory lives like a vespers chime:

Two figures stood on a lovely lawn

By a noble mansion of the olden time.

It was golden June, the birds were in tune,

But not more sweetly than hearts made

By the law divine of "Mine thine, thine mine."

That is strongest and holiest under the sun.

A gentle maiden and noble youth,

They stood on the lawn by that mansion old,

In the light of their beauty and love and truth,

While near them a river in silence rolled.

When their eyes looked not on each other,

They sought

The mirror bright of that rolling stream:

And she sighed: "Dear love! as the sun

Above

Casts on the waters his constant beam,

"So thy faithful love on my life shall fall

For ever and ever, and mine shall thee

Bear ever onward till death ends all,

As yon stream flows on to the mighty sea."

How that noble youth, by the semblance of

truth

In those tender words was lost in bliss!

Down drooped their eyes, but their lips in

sighs

Met in the joy of a passionate kiss.

II.

They met again—at a ball to-day—

She lovely still, and a great lord's wife,

He lonely and grave, his looks grown gray.

Still breathing hard from the battle of life.

At first with a scorn, of false pride born,

She returned his steady, reproachful

gaze,

Then fell her proud look, her bosom shook,

And her fair cheek paled in the fatal

blaze.

He gave her his hand to a futeuil near,

In a perfumed alcove sat apart,

How rolled unbidden the burning tear,

How swelled with sorrow the haughty

heart!

No reproach she heard, he spoke no word,

His pulses no more as of old could leap.

He moved away through the dancers gay,

But he knew what caused the lady to

weep.

He knew 'twas the thought of a summer

gone,

And a noble mansion of the olden time,

And two figures fair on a lovely lawn,

And a stir in the air like a vespers chime:

That before her must pass, but through

memory's glass,

The vision sweet of two hearts made one,

By the law divine of "Mine thine, thine mine."

That is strongest and holiest under the

sun.

N. D. J.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

To relieve a sick headache take a teaspoonful of finely-powdered charcoal in half a tumbler of water.

To give great brilliancy, take finely-powdered indigo, dip into it a moistened linen rag, smear over the glass with it, and then wipe the indigo off with a perfectly dry cloth. As a substitute for this, fine sifted ashes, applied with a rag dipped in spirits, will answer.

The French method of administering castor oil to children is to pour the oil into a pan over a moderate fire; break an egg in it and stir up; when it is done, add a little salt or sugar, or some currant jelly.

Somerset or powdered French chalk is used by bootmakers to make new boots or shoes go on easily, by rubbing or dusting a little of it on the inside of the heel and instep of the boot.

To render the colours of cotton fabric permanent,

dissolve three gills of salt in four quarts of water; put the calico in white hot, and leave it till cold; it will not fade by subsequent washing.

PURIFICATION OF HEN HOUSES.—Proper sanitary measures must be taken, or health and successful poultry raising cannot be expected, nor is it deserved. Lime is an excellent purifier, and, when carbolic acid is added to the whitewash, will effectually keep away vermin from the walls. After every cleaning of the floor it should be sprinkled with carbolic acid; dilution, twenty of water to one of acid. This is one of the best disinfectants and antiseptics known, and is not used as much as it deserves. The roosts should be sprinkled with it every week. This whitewashing should be done twice at least, better three times a year. The nests of sitting hens should be sprinkled with carbolic acid to keep off vermin; and the coops also, where young broods are kept for a time, should be purified in this way. Wood ashes are excellent to be kept in fowl-houses for hens to dust themselves with. They are much more effectual than sand; but sand should also be kept for a bath. Without proper attention to these matters, poultry keepers cannot expect to succeed.

STATISTICS.

THE INCOME-TAX.—According to the annual report of the Landed Revenue Board, the total value of property and profits charged to income tax in the United Kingdom for the year ending the 5th of April, 1875, was £52,525,000, which was 18,782,000 more than in the preceding year. Of this increase England contributed £15,058,000, being 4.20 per cent. more than the value charged for the preceding year; Scotland, £2,524,000, an increase of 6.94 per cent.; and Ireland, £600,000, an increase of 2.32 per cent. The number of persons who related statement in the year 1874-5 exceeds the number in the preceding year by 77,967; this is in consequence of the allowance having been increased from £31. on incomes under £200, a year to £80. on incomes under £300, a year; and the amount of income relieved from tax by such allowance exceeds the amount relieved in the preceding year by £12,024,208.

INCOMES OF MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.—The incomes of the principal foreign and colonial missionary societies amount in the aggregate to £56,504. According to the reports made at the recent May meetings, the resources of the five principal foreign societies were as follows: Church Missionary, 175,836; Propagation of the Gospel, 104,826; Wesleyan, 164,089; London Missionary, 103,554; Baptist, 50,121. There are two great societies supported by Christians of all denominations. The Bible Society's total income was £22,181, or exclusive of sales, 119,093. The total income of the Religious Tract Society, from all sources, were 114,551, for missionary purposes, 23,378. (£5,000, additional out of the trade funds being expended in grants). A list of some ten home missionary societies is given, of which the united income is £144,858. Together, these three classes of missionary societies received in 1875 the amount of £1,123,823. Probably, with a number of smaller societies not accounted for, about a million and a quarter sterling is expended yearly in England upon foreign, colonial and home missionary enterprises outside the regular Church agencies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Every man has, in his own life, follies enough—in his own mind, troubles enough—in the performance of his duties, deficiencies enough—in his own fortune, evils enough—without being curious after the affairs of others.

The first meerschaum pipe was made by a shoemaker, named Karol Kowales, in Pesti, the capital of Hungary, in 1723. The use of these pipes was exclusively confined to the richest European noblemen until 1830, when they became a general article of trade.

At the Champs Elysees in July, 1876, will be held an exhibition of the application of electricity to industrial and domestic purposes. Information will be given on application at the offices of the exhibition, rue de la Victorie, 86. A special exhibition of improvements in railway appliances has also been proposed to be opened in Paris next year.

The space of 45,000 square feet has been allotted to Great Britain and her colonies in the Centennial Industrial Hall, but the mother country alone has made applications covering 30,000 square feet, and Canada wants 30,000 more. This is double the original allowance. In addition to this, the carpet industries have asked for 27,000 square feet of hanging room.

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THE BRITISH ARCHITECT, Nos. 9 and 10.—The trades connected with the builders' art are fortunate in possessing so able an organ as this. The contents are very varied and of great interest to all concerned in the constructive arts. Nor are its pages uninteresting to the general reader. The résumé of the controversy as to the identity of the Cranmer statue preserved in the Ashmolean museum commends itself to all. The capital lithographic architectural illustrations that accompany the numbers add much to their value.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROBINSON.—As you are of age, you cannot be compelled to work at a trade you dislike.

B. B.—Moderation may be considered as a tree, of which the root is contentment and the fruit repose.

S. J. S.—Take warning from the misfortunes of others, that others may not take warning by your own.

NAVIGATOR.—We have seen no announcement of the launch of such a vessel, and think you are mistaken.

ATHALONE is bound by the terms of the indenture under which he is serving as an apprentice and by the rules of the trade whatever it may be.

E. J.—Your wish may be obtained by early exercise in the morning, regular and moderate diet, and as much rest as possible before midnight.

COR.—The seat of the Lord Chancellor is called "woolsack," it being a large, square bag of wool, without back or arms, and covered with red cloth.

JACK AND JILL.—Tempo is an Italian word, meaning time. The Spanish word of the same meaning is tiempo. El is the definite article "the."

M. S.—True wealth consists in virtue, and not in the possession of great estates; and wisdom consists in understanding, and not in years.

JUNO AND ECHO.—An illegitimate child does not inherit from its father, in case of the latter dying intestate. Provision must be made for such by will.

W. B.—Anciently the most eminent men in literature were denominated grammarians. A society of grammarians was formed at Rome as early as 376 B. C.

ANXIOUS INQUIRE.—If the facts are as you have stated, there is no cause for anxiety on your part. Be more careful in the future and you will not be placed in such an awkward position.

R. M.—Granaries were built in Rome in seasons of plenty, to secure food for the poorer citizens in necessitous times, at the cost of the public treasury. At one period there were 327 granaries in Rome.

W. W.—We think you would be much better occupied trying to win back the respect and love of your husband, and that the men you speak of, having one wife, has no right to another.

O. B.—One who deserts a lady under such circumstances, and without good cause, does not act the part of a gentleman. If there is nothing in the case more than you mention you may congratulate yourself on being well rid of him.

J. McC.—On entering a parlour where there are ladies, gentlemen usually remove their hats, and as an elevator at a hotel is intended only for the comfort and convenience of the guests, we deem it as essential, and as much a mark of good breeding to remove the hat then as in a ladies' parlour.

C. C.—If your partnership with the father is the only thing that embarrasses you, it is easy to terminate that relation; though we confess that if you were to assign the true reason it would seem a little odd. Imagine an advertisement running like this: "The co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of A and B, is this day dissolved because A wishes to offer himself to B's daughter! If you have any penetration of character you ought to be able to judge whether the girl will marry you before making a formal offer. As to the other 'fellow' getting her by being ahead of you, it is your own fault if she is permitted to be ahead."

W. J. E.—You would be very unwise to manifest the preference you have for the gentleman's society until he has expressed his for you in words. He evidently likes you as a friend, but the fact that he visits another lady on Sundays and Sunday and Wednesday evenings indicates that his affections are engaged in that quarter. As he does not call upon you as a lover, you can hardly dismiss him without making it apparent that you have looked upon him as such, thereby acknowledging that you have bestowed your affections unsought. The proper course would be to find it convenient to be "not at home" when he calls. The remark in connection with the acceptance of the rose was merely a graceful compliment, to which no significance should be attached.

B. V. B.—1. When a gentleman is walking with a lady,

if she meets a lady friend and bows to her, the gentleman should raise his hat in deference to the lady. 2. A black suit, with white vest, is always in good taste for a bridegroom. Consult some fashionable tailor as regards the style to have it cut, as there are more reliable authority for the prevailing fashions for all occasions. 3. It is not necessary to give either an engagement or a wedding ring. However, if an engagement ring be a plain gold one, it may be used as the wedding ring, although not customary to be used as such. If one's means are limited, and they cannot afford both one, we prefer the marriage ring, as the custom of our churches is always to marry with a ring. 4. The groom is not expected to address the cards. They are given to an engraver, and are usually furnished by the bride's parents.

NEW LONDON.—1. Three months is a short time, and you can hardly expect people to be well enough acquainted with you to have full confidence in your actions on so short an acquaintance. 2. If your engagement has not been made public, for the sake of your affianced, you should guard against every appearance of familiarity; and we think it decidedly imprudent to invite her to your office, unless in company with others. You not only compromise her, but your own dignity. Your motive may be the very best, but people do not stop to consider what a person's motive may be, and they are sure to place the worse construction on your actions. You cannot stop people from talking, and the best and easiest way will be to take no notice of them, and if the young lady has not confidence enough in you to trust you against what people say, then she has not enough to become your wife.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

Oh, wherefore hast thou taught
This aching breast,

To love so well that naught
Can give it rest?

For though deceit and guile
Lure in thy heart,

I live but in thy smile,
So dear thou art.

'Tis said by those who feel
Its power so well,

That nothing can repeal
Love's holy spell;

The heart, tho' pleasure come,
With his glad train—

Wife, offspring, riches, home—
Speaks not again.

When life is ebbing fast
I'll think of thee;

When life's dreams are all past
I'll pray for thee.

Ah! though thy hand is given
To wealth and pride,

Thou knowest in face of Heaven
I am thy bride!

Poor, stricken soul, arise,
So bruised and meek,

From aught beneath the skies
Why comfort seek?

Oh! may thy chastened love,
From earth set free,

Of Him yet worthy prove
Who died for thee!

K. L.

FLIRT.—Your name is well chosen, most certainly, we should say, from your letter. It seems this young lady has broken her engagement with a young gentleman, because he forbade her writing to any gentleman but himself. Now she begins to fear she has lost her lover, and wants to know if we think it would be too great a concession if she should write to him and ask him to call on her. We think the concession would be entirely too small. You should send him an apology for refusing to comply with his request. We hope this will be a lesson to you, and you will learn that the true love of one good man is of greater value than the admiration of half the world.

JAMES, eighteen, 5ft. 3in., dark, would like to correspond with a young lady about seventeen.

FANNY, nineteen, fair, with blue eyes, very loving, wishes to correspond with a respectable young man; a joiner or cabinet maker preferred.

AMY, eighteen, fair, with dark blue eyes, considered good looking, fond of music and dancing, wishes to correspond with a good looking gentleman about twenty-three.

LILY, seventeen, medium height, with blue eyes and dark hair, considered good looking, educated and domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about eighteen, who must be fair and nice looking.

G. F., a farmer's daughter, twenty-seven, tall, brown hair and eyes, well educated, wishes to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony; respondent must be tall, well educated and respectfully connected, not less than thirty-two, a kind and amiable disposition essential, must be a Protestant; a resident in Preston or neighbourhood preferred.

FANNY CHARLES, nineteen, fair hair, blue eyes, considered good looking by his messmates, would like to correspond with a young lady about eighteen; respondent must be good looking, fond of home, and able to make a loving wife.

JESSIE W., twenty-seven, dark hair and eyes, domesticated and very affectionate, would like to correspond with a respectable young man with a view to marriage; she would make a good wife.

JANE, twenty, dark hair, brown eyes, medium height, would like to correspond with a fair gentleman with a view to matrimony; respondent must be fond of home and children.

ANNE and GRACE, two companions, wish to correspond with two dark young gentlemen, clerks preferred. Anne is seventeen, rather tall and dark, good tempered, of a loving disposition, and thinks she would make a good wife; Grace is seventeen, fair, very affectionate and good tempered, and thinks she would make a home happy for any one deserving a good wife.

LORELY FARR, twenty, 5ft. 7in., hazel eyes, considered

good looking, would like to correspond with a young lady of the same age with a view to matrimony; he is in a lucrative business, earning at present 200. per annum, with expectations of a rise, and will also inherit considerable property on his coming of age.

ROSE and LILY wish to correspond with two respectable young men about twenty with a view to matrimony. Rose is just seventeen; medium height, fair and pretty; Lily is seventeen, tall, fair and pretty, with dark blue eyes.

ARCHIMEDES, twenty-one, tall, pretty good looking, is fair circumstances, fond of home and its pleasures, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen or twenty, good looking, and good tempered, with a view to marriage; one with some means preferred.

MAURICE, twenty-one, blue eyes, brown hair, good tempered and thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman of respectable family, who has a moderate income.

NELLIE and JESSIE, two friends, wish to correspond with two respectable young men. Nellie is nineteen, tall, considered good looking and of a loving disposition. Jessie is about nineteen, very domesticated. Seamen preferred.

S. M. R. wishes to correspond with a young man about twenty with a view to matrimony; a tradesman preferred.

A. B. H. T., 5ft. 5in., fair complexion, fond of home and children, considered good looking, has a permanent and lucrative engagement under government, wishes to correspond with a view to matrimony with a young lady not over twenty-two, who must be thoroughly domesticated.

BLUSH ROSE, seventeen, medium height, dark, considered handsome, very fond of music, wishes to correspond with a fair young man between nineteen and twenty-one, who must be tall and good looking, and be in good circumstances and of a loving disposition; she would make a loving wife.

NELLIE C., twenty-two, rather short, with dark brown hair, blue eyes, affectionate, good tempered and fond of home; respondent must be about twenty-five, fair, rather tall and fond of a quiet home; a cabinet-maker preferred.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

ETHEL M. is responded to by—A. B. C., who thinks she is all he requires.

MISSEY by—William, twenty, medium height, blue eyes, dark complexion, considered good looking and would make a kind, loving partner.

MARIA by—John, eighteen, 5ft. 8in., dark, blue eyes, and thinks he is all she requires.

HANBY by—Courtie, rather tall, dark and nice looking, will have some money when twenty-one.

VENUS by—Edward M., twenty-four, medium height, fair complexion, hazel eyes, brown hair, of a loving disposition, considered good looking, and a sailor in the Royal Navy.

ANNE by—Flora, twenty-three, medium height, blue eyes, dark hair, considered pretty, loving and thoroughly domesticated.

WILLIAM by—Polly, twenty-one, tall, dark brown hair and eyes, considered good looking, and thinks she is all he requires.

C. H. P. by—Little Nell, twenty-three, dark and fond of home and would make an excellent wife.

ELIZABETH by—Sam, a shipman, nineteen, 5ft. 9in., light hair, blue eyes, steady and of good appearance, well educated and with an income of \$901, in his own right.

ALPHA by—Annie, a dark-eyed brunette, tall, dark and handsome, has a fine figure, very domesticated, would make a loving and affectionate wife; she is a member of the Church of Rome and will have 1001. on her wedding day.

B. B. by—Minerva, good tempered, cheerful disposition and very musical.

GRACE by—Frank, twenty-four 5ft. 8in., well built, educated and connected, and acknowledged to be the jolliest dog alive.

HENRY by—F. A. S., twenty-one, 5ft. 10in., doing business in the electro-plate trade, and thinks he would suit her.

H. by—Nellie, medium height, dark complexion, of lively disposition, musical and has a good education, well connected, a resident in London, and has a small annuity.

BLUE-EYED NELL by—W. B., medium height, dark complexion, very loving, well educated, and considered good looking.

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